

MAY

No. 23

10¢

CRACK

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
BOOKS

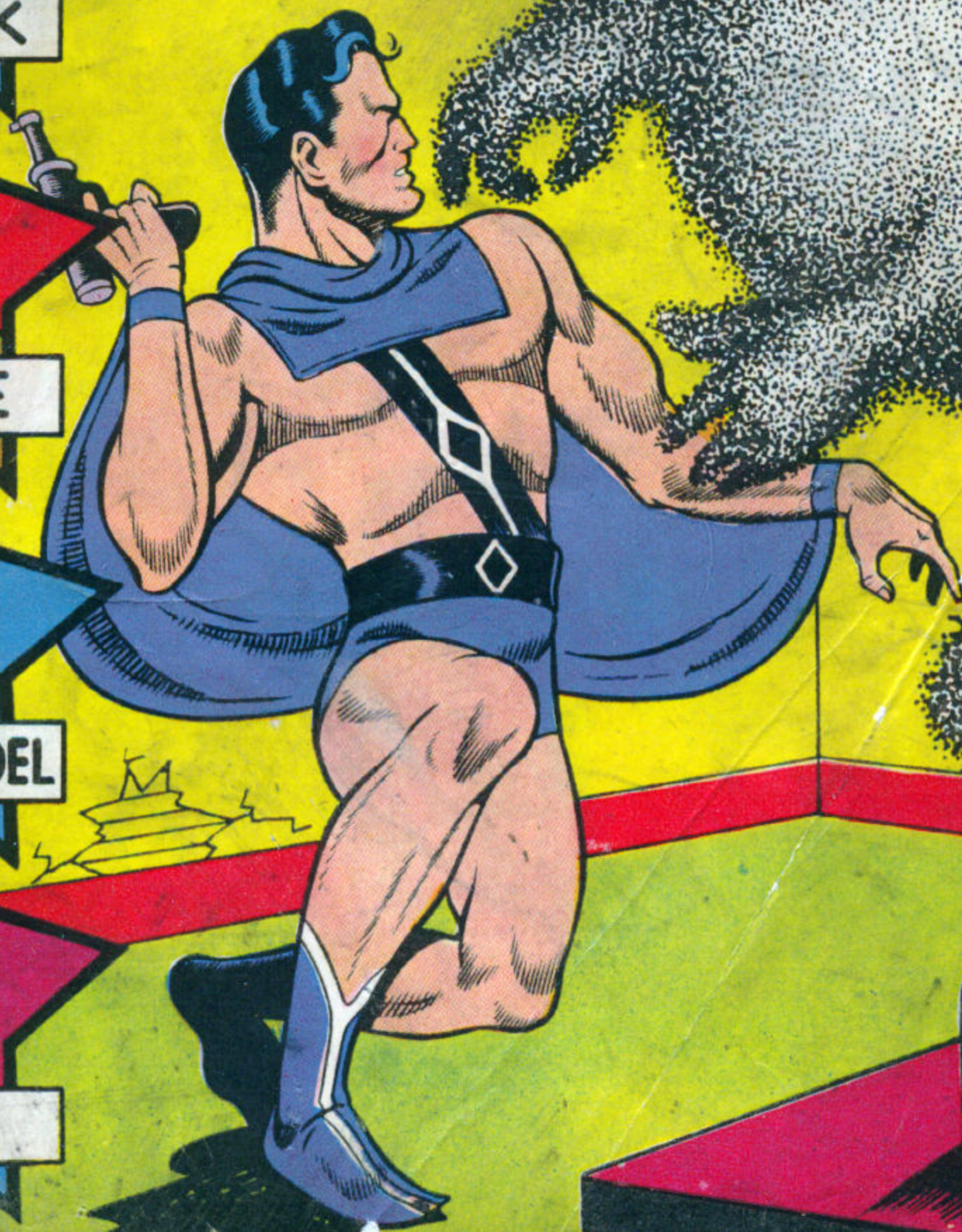
STARRING
THE BLACK CONDOR

THE CLOCK

SPITFIRE

MOLLY THE MODEL

DON Q





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 820, Lancaster, Pa.

Sell only one order and get a beautiful Girls' or Women's **WRIST WATCH**, with cord bracelet. Boys' and Men's styles also.

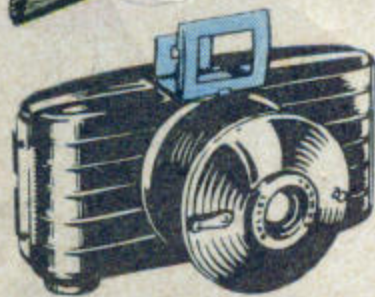


RED RYDER LICENSED BY
 STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., NEW YORK



DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.



EASTMAN CAMERA

Given for selling only one order



Pepperell "Warmweave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.

CROQUET SET
 Complete set given for selling one order.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.

Boys! Girls! Get a **STREAM-LINED BIKE**.



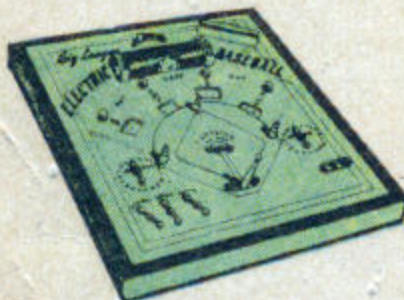
GENE AUTRY GUITAR

Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.



Complete Basketball Set.

For boys and girls.



Electric Baseball

Game. Hours of fun for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.

EXTRA VALUE PRIZES

Given for selling extra orders as explained in **BIG PRIZE BOOK**.

SEND COUPON TODAY

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 820, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send my **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, the **BIG GIFT BOOK**, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____

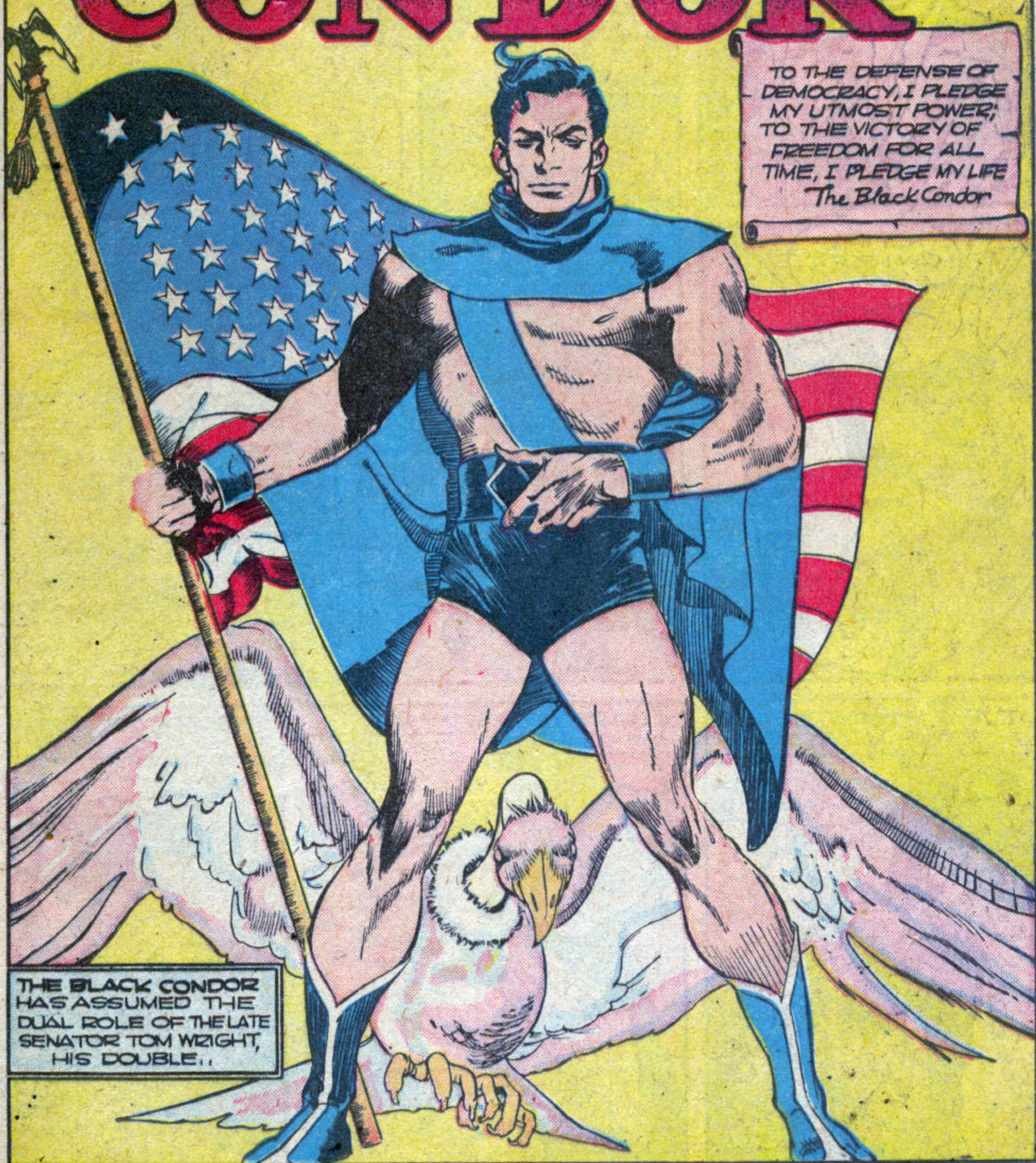
FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

CRACK COMICS, May, 1942, No. 23. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

The **BLACK** **CONDOR**

by **LOU
FINE**

TO THE DEFENSE OF
DEMOCRACY, I PLEDGE
MY UTMOST POWER;
TO THE VICTORY OF
FREEDOM FOR ALL
TIME, I PLEDGE MY LIFE
The Black Condor



THE BLACK CONDOR
HAS ASSUMED THE
DUAL ROLE OF THE LATE
SENATOR TOM WRIGHT,
HIS DOUBLE.

THE WAR KEEPS SENATOR
TOM WRIGHT GLUED TO HIS
DESK OVER EMERGENCY
PROBLEMS



SUDDENLY... HE LOOKS
OUT OF THE WINDOW..



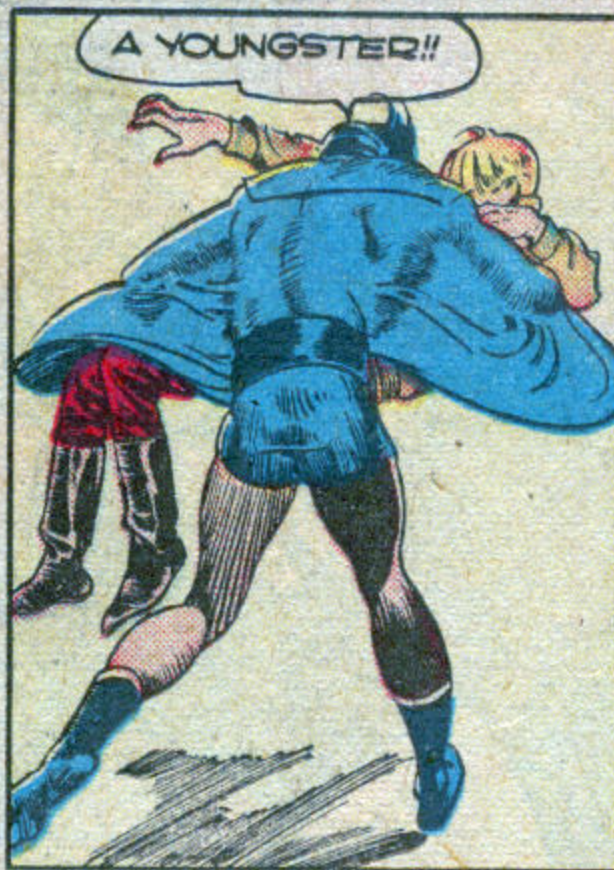
SUICIDE FROM THE
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT..



NOT IF I
CAN HELP IT,
BUD..



A YOUNGSTER!!



WELL, FELLA!
WHY'D YOU
DO IT?



I CAN'T REMEMBER
WHO I AM..NO
DOCTOR COULD
CURE MY AMNESIA..
I DON'T WANT TO
GO ON LIVING
AS A NOBODY..

AT THAT MOMENT, THE SHARP
REPORT OF A LUGER SPEAKS

GET HIM, BEFORE
HE TALKS!!



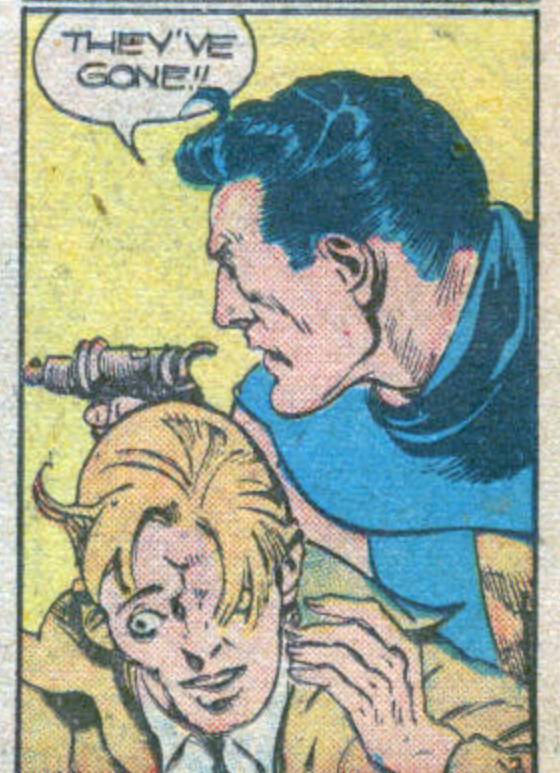
A BULLET GRAZES THE BOY'S
SHOULDER..

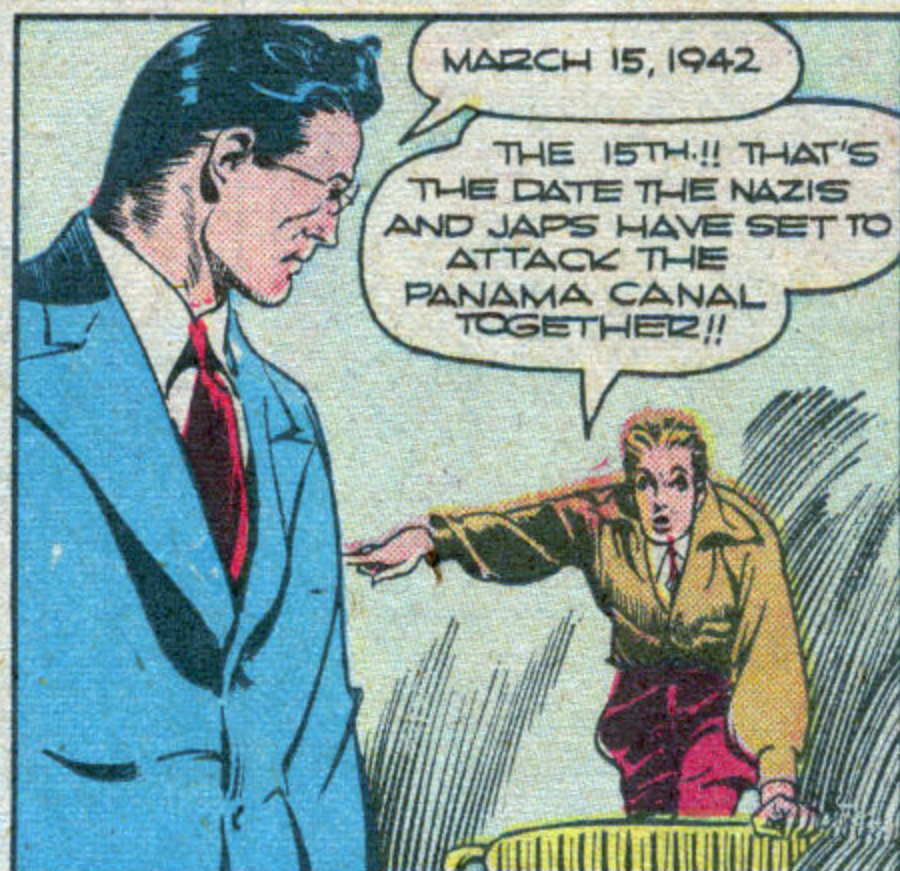
SOMEONE'S
OUT FOR YOUR SKIN,
BROTHER..



THE BLACK CONDOR WHIPS
OUT HIS BLACK RAY, BUT..

THEY'VE
GONE!!



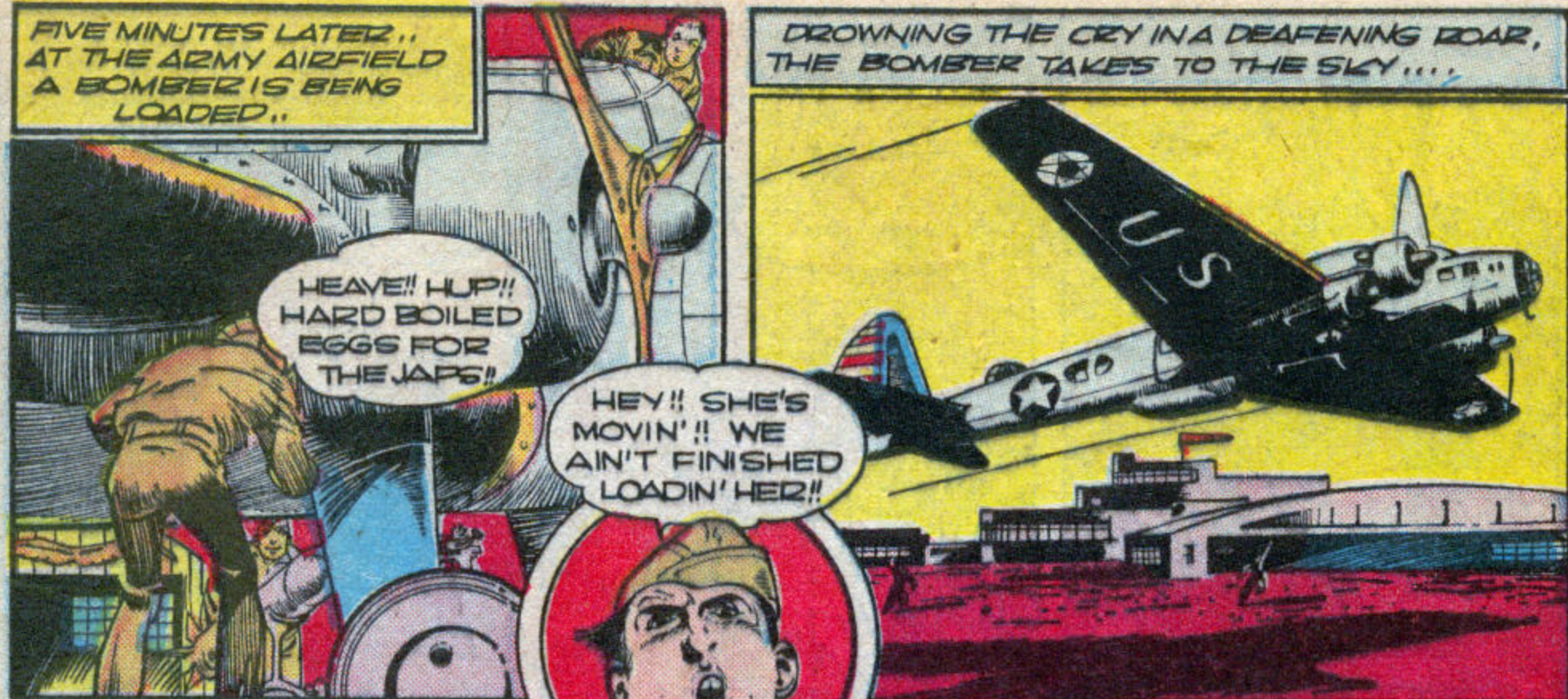


FIVE MINUTES LATER,,
AT THE ARMY AIRFIELD
A BOMBER IS BEING
LOADED,,

HEAVE!! HUP!!
HARD BOILED
EGGS FOR
THE JAPS!!

HEY!! SHE'S
MOVIN'!! WE
AIN'T FINISHED
LOADIN' HER!!

DROWNING THE CRY IN A DEAFENING ROAR,
THE BOMBER TAKES TO THE SKY....



AT THE CONTROLS SITS
JED HAWKS,,, THE CONFESSED
ENEMY SPY,,



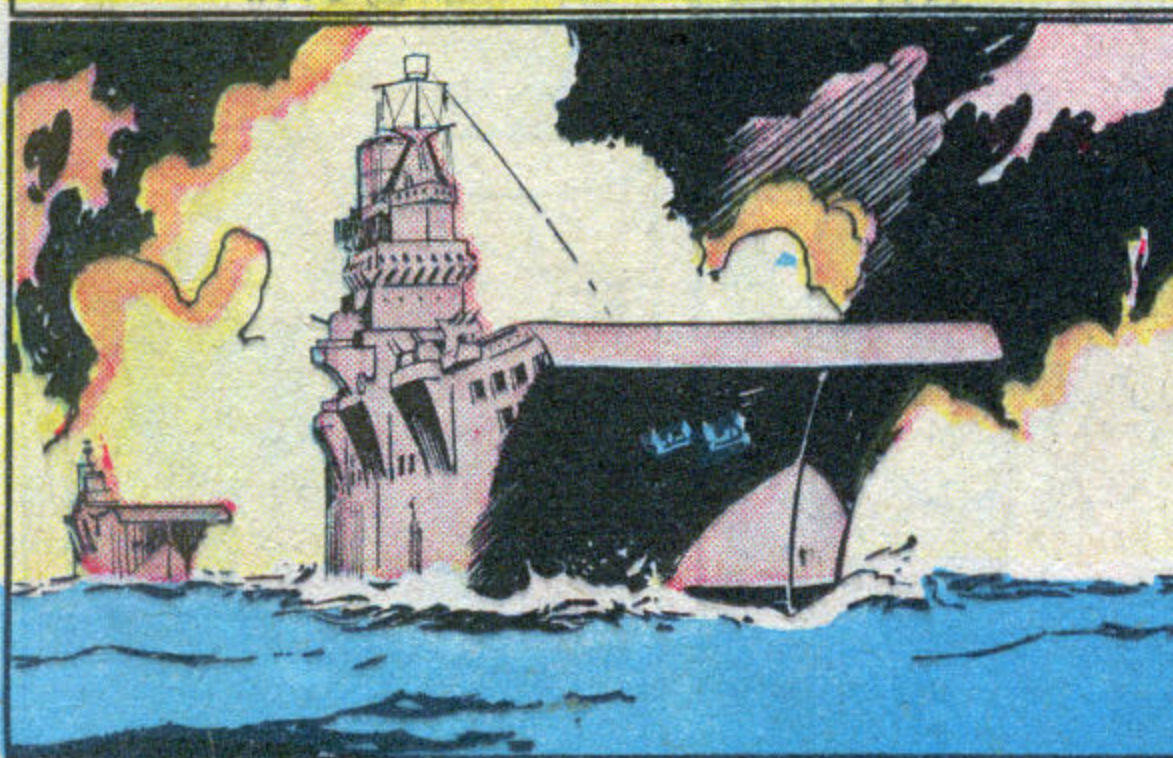
SOUTHWARD, TO
THE PANAMA HE
FLIES....



AND SOUTHWARD SOARS
THE DEATH DEFYING
BLACK CONDOR..



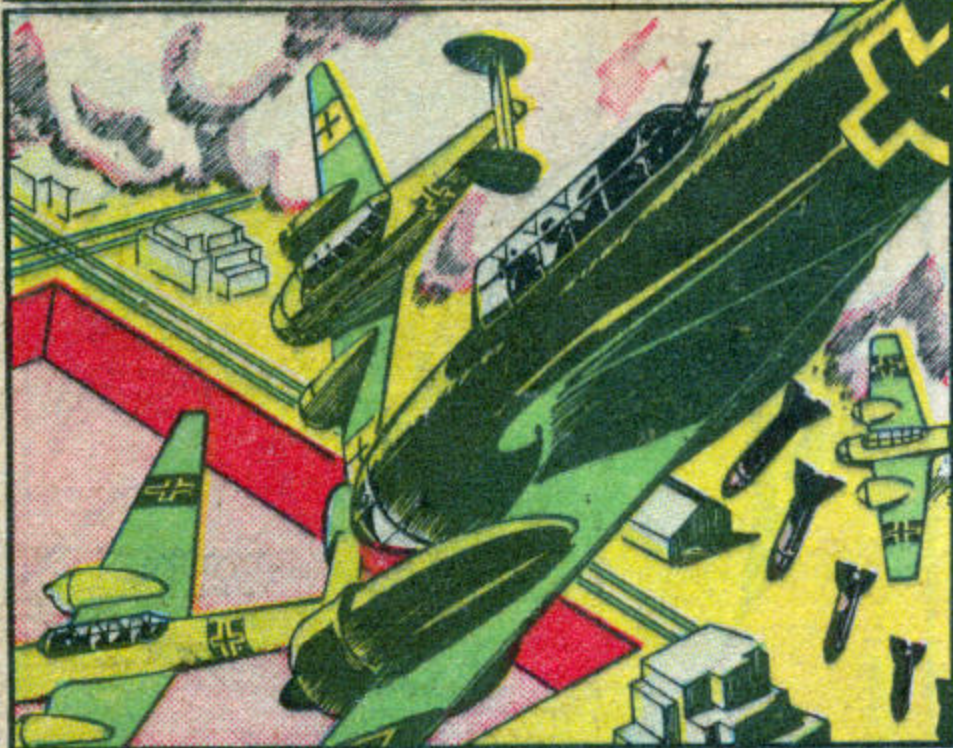
DUSK ON THE GULF OF MEXICO PARTIALLY HIDES
TWO NAZI AIRCRAFT CARRIERS THAT HAVE SLIPPED
INTO AMERICAN WATERS.....



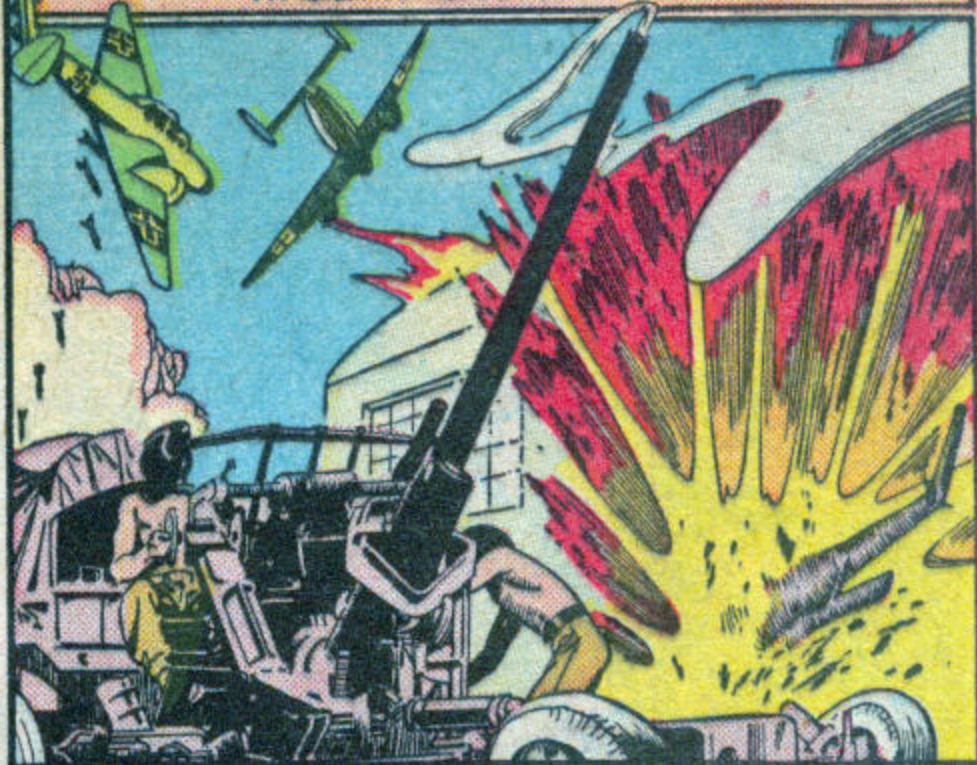
A FLEET OF BOMBERS
RISES LIKE HORNETS
FROM THE DECKS.....



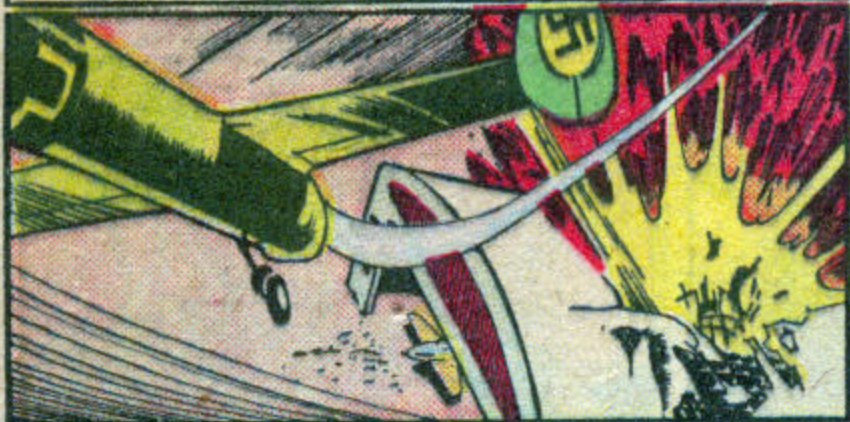
THEIR ATTACK IS SUDDEN... THEIR AIM SURE, AS THEY SWOOP DOWN ON THE CANAL BASE...



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS SWING INTO ACTION BUT THE ENEMY BOMBARDMENT IS OVERWHELMING.....



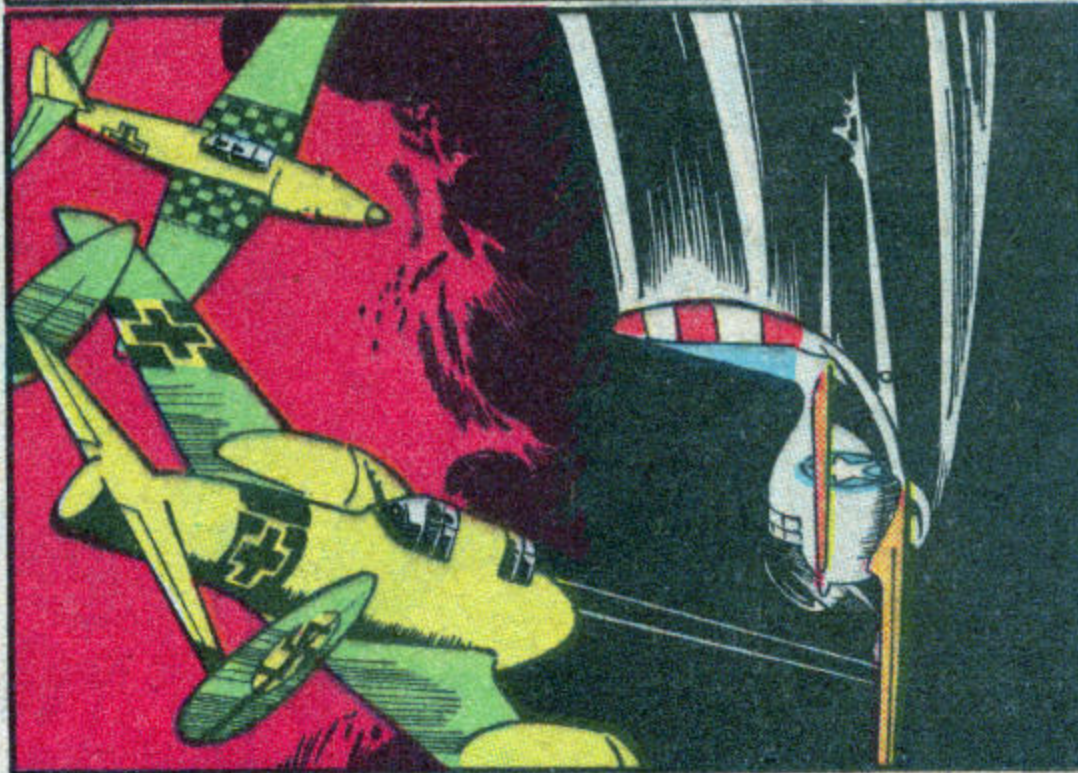
DIVE BOMBERS SCREECH DOWN TO LAY HANGARS IN RUIN.....



WHILE OFF THE PACIFIC SHORE NIPPONESE SUBMARINES LURK IN THE COASTAL WATERS



THE REMAINING AMERICAN PLANES KEEP UP A BRAVE BUT FUTILE BATTLE....



STAND BY FOR ORDERS FROM THE GERMAN FLEET...WE EXPECT IT AT ANY MOMENT!!



THEY HAVE CLEARED THE FIRST POST.. WHEN WE STRIKE TOGETHER, THE CANAL WILL BE OURS...



BUT NOW, THE BLACK CONDOR HAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, SWEARING VENGEANCE.....



FIRST THING IS TO
DESTROY THEIR
HOME BASE!!

I'LL GIVE THIS
HEINE CREW A LITTLE
SURPRISE PARTY!!

EXCUSE
IT, BOYS...

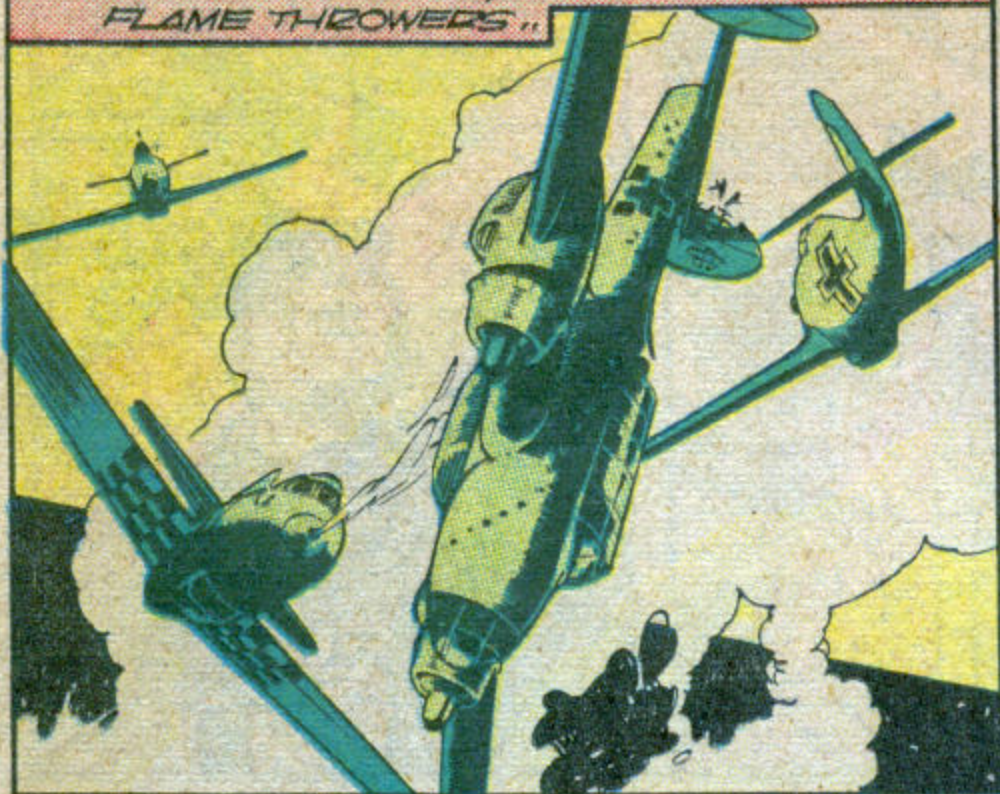
„BUT...

„ I NEED YOUR PLANE
FOR A CERTAIN JOB !!!

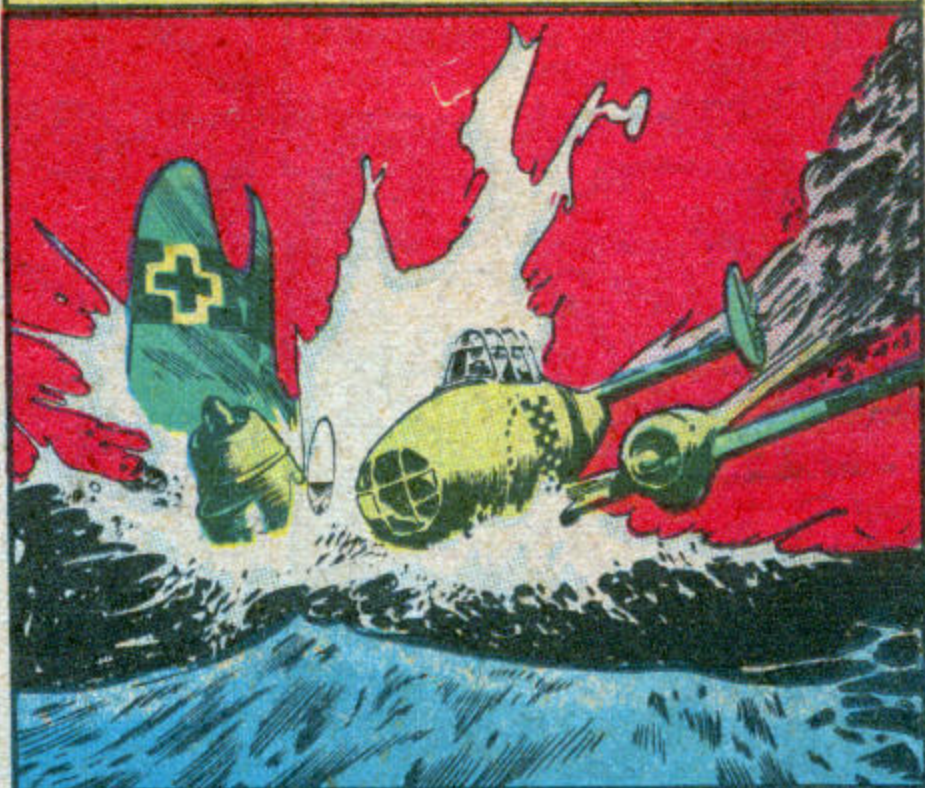
OVER THE
FIRST CARRIER,
THE CONDOR RE-
LEASES THE
BOMB-RACK..

AND DROPS THE NAZI
DEATH MESSAGES ON THE
NAZI DECK... THE END
OF THE SHIP IS SUDDEN
AND COMPLETE...

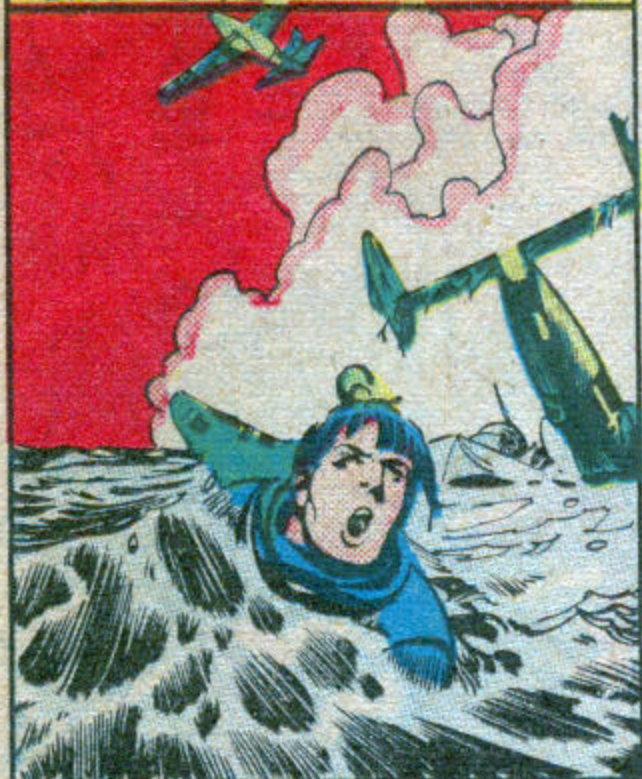
FROM THE SECOND CARRIER A SQUAD OF PURSUIT SHIPS RISE, ARMED WITH DEADLY FLAME THROWERS..



THE BLACK CONDOR'S COMMANDEERED BOMBER GOES DOWN, A SMOKING TORCH..



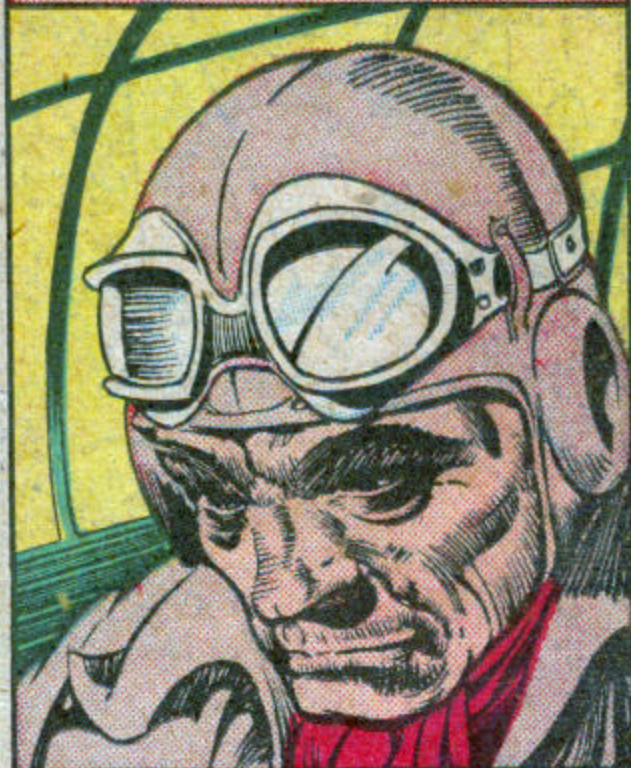
AND THE MAN OF FLIGHT DROPS TO THE WAVES...



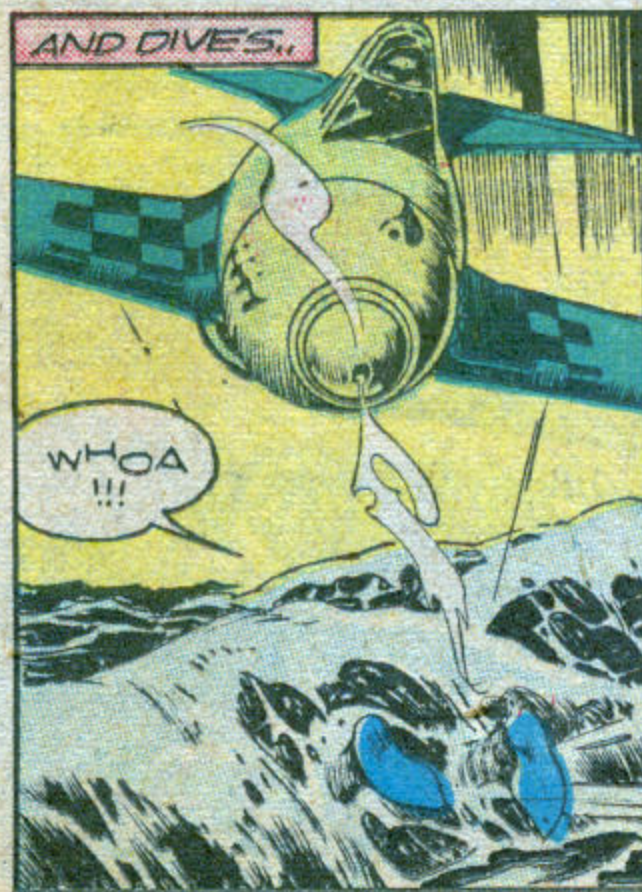
I'LL MAKE FOR THE CARRIER.. MAYBE I CAN BE OF NUISANCE VALUE ABOARD HER..



BUT A NAZI PILOT SPOTS THE SWIMMING CONDOR..



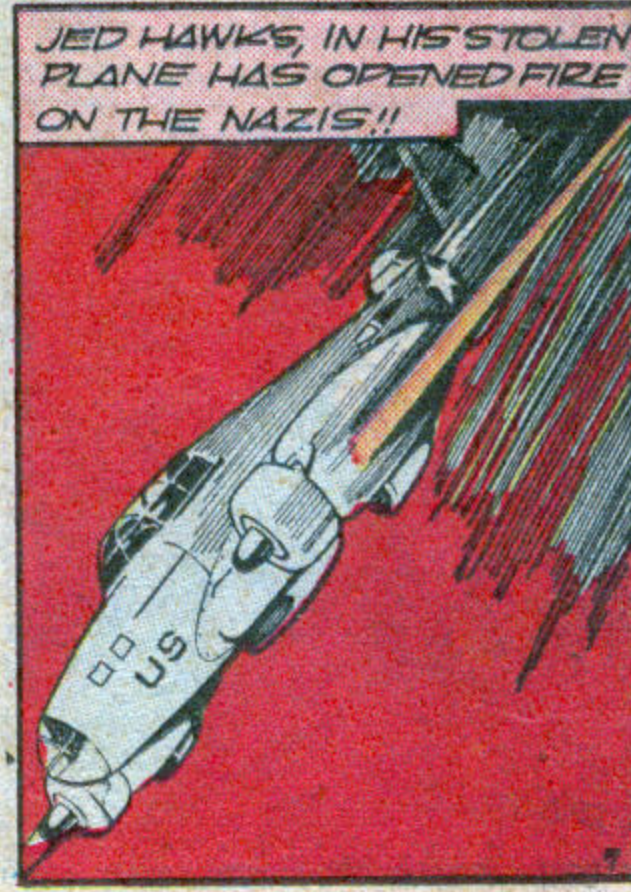
AND DIVES..

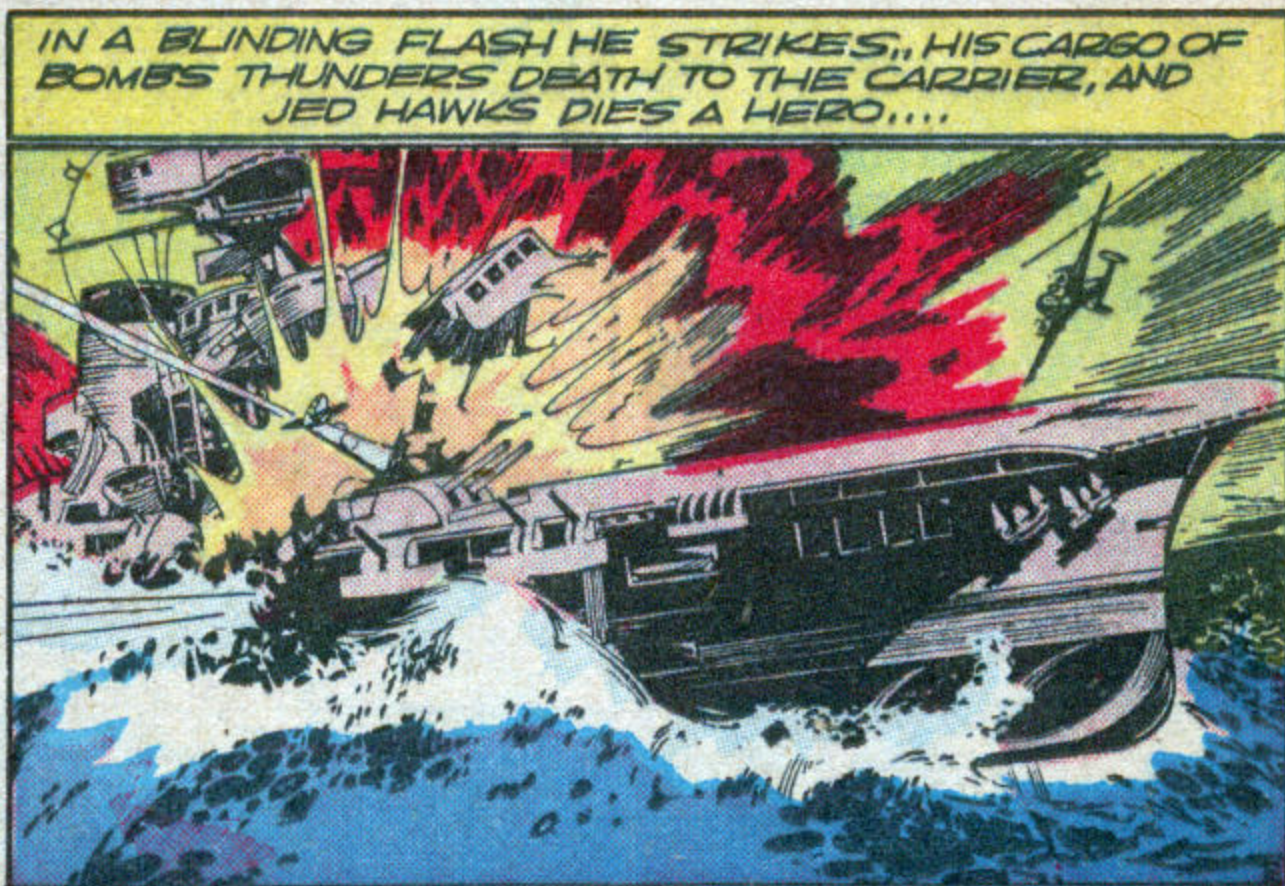
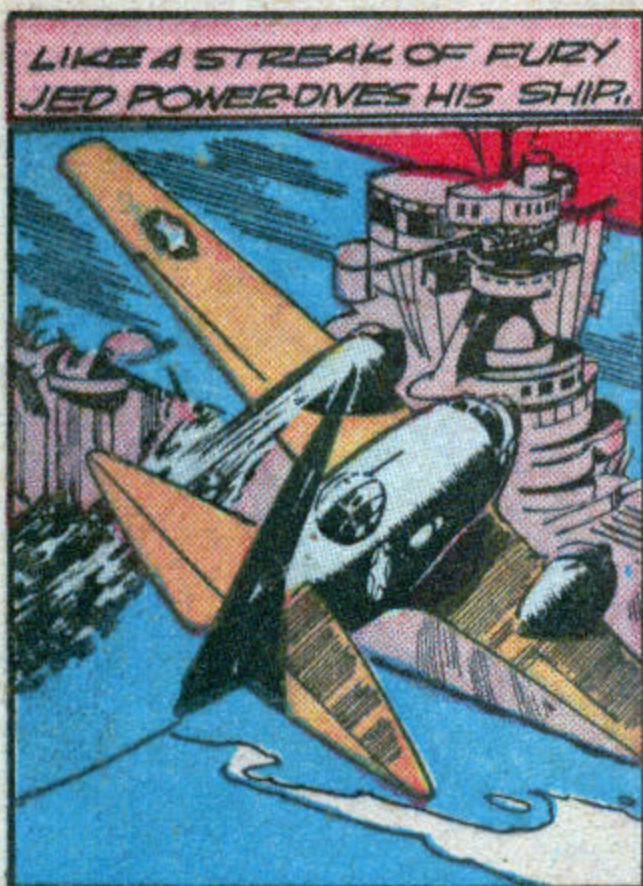


JUST THEN, A SHATTERING FIRE SENDS THE PLANE SPINNING TO A CRASH..



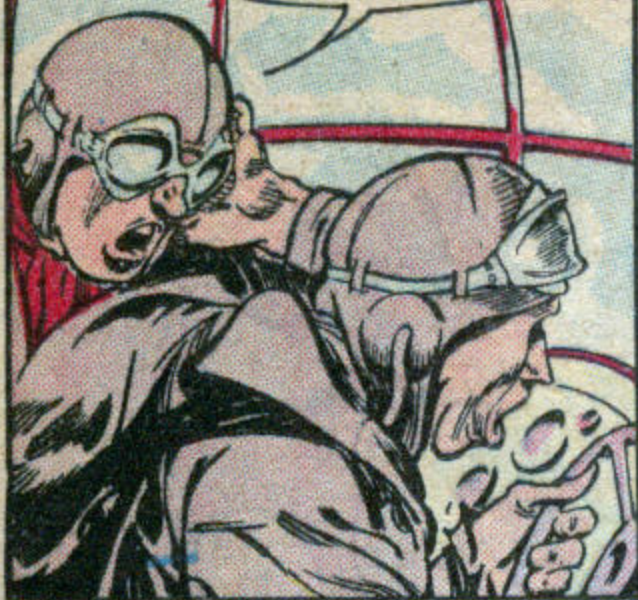
JED HAWKS, IN HIS STOLEN PLANE HAS OPENED FIRE ON THE NAZIS..!!





IN A NAZI BomBER

BOTH CARRIERS ARE GONE!! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH FUEL TO RETURN TO GERMANY..

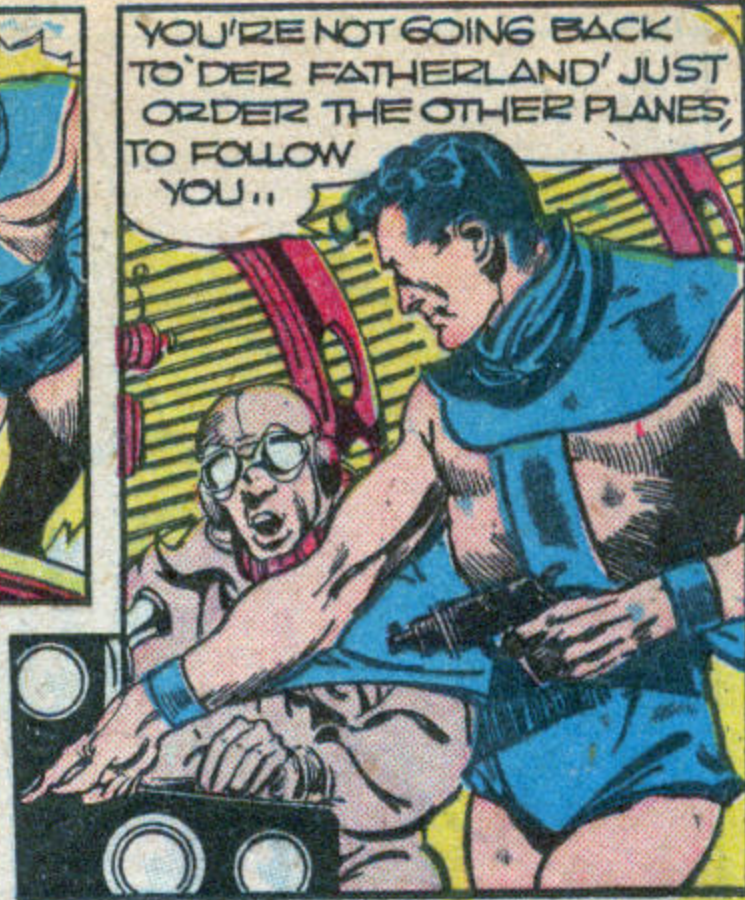


JUST THEN

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, BOYS...



YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO 'DER FATHERLAND' JUST ORDER THE OTHER PLANES, TO FOLLOW YOU..

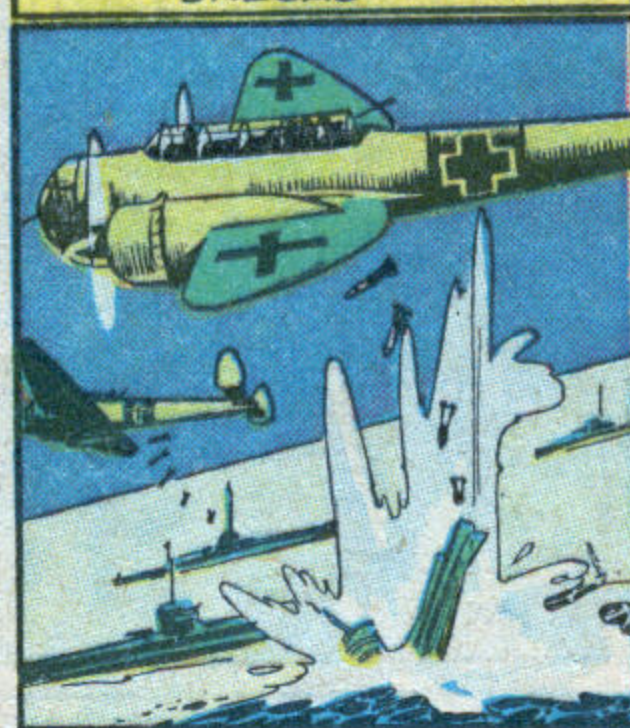


LATER.. WHERE THE JAPS WAIT..

THE NAZIS!! THIS IS CONTRARY TO PLAN!!



THE NEW PLAN IS ALL TOO CLEAR AS THE BOMBERS 'UNLOAD'



WE ARE DOUBLE-CROSSED!! SUBMERGE AND RETREAT !!!



NEXT MORNING IN THE PRESS ROOM OF A WASHINGTON PAPER..

STOP THOSE PRESSES !!! SET A NEW HEAD!!!
"NAZI AIR SQUADRON SURRENDERS AT RANDOLPH FIELD!!"



TOM WRIGHT HAS RETURNED TO HIS OFFICE..

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS... NAZIS SURRENDER

YEAH!! 'S'GOOD !!



GOOD!! IT'S COLOSSAL! AREN'T YOU INTERESTED ??

SURE, BUT I'M JUST THINKING ABOUT AN UNSUNG HERO, WHO PAID NOBLY FOR HIS MISTAKE... JED HAWKS...

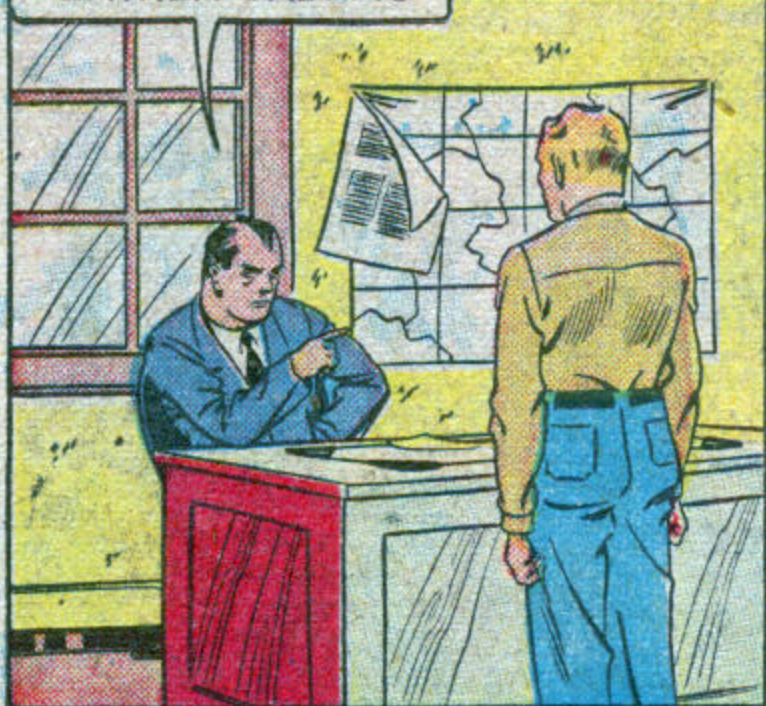


Don't miss the next sensational adventure of The Black Condor.



AT THE EAGLE SQUADRON'S FIELD
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

ADAMS, I'VE DETAILED YOU TO FLY
A NORTH AMERICAN B-25 TO
GIBRALTER WHERE YOU'LL RECEIVE
FURTHER ORDERS



I'M SENDING YOU, TEX,
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT
OFFICIALLY ATTACHED TO
THIS SQUADRON AND
BECAUSE YOU'RE FAMIL-
IAR WITH THIS TYPE OF
PLANE ----



YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED
BY YOUR MECHANIC, AND
A SERGEANT GUNNER ---
SO GET YOUR WEATHER
CHART AND OTHER DATA
READY FOR A DAWN
TAKE-OFF



RIGHT, SIR !

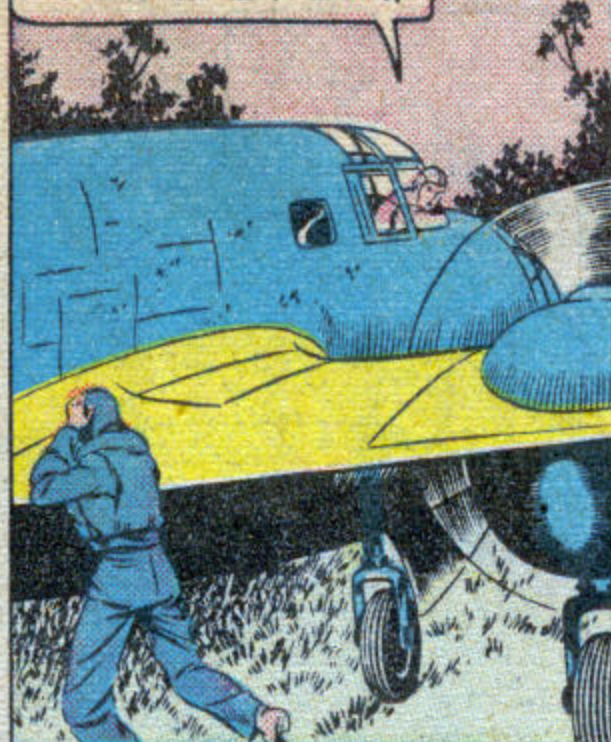
EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORN

HI, TEX...THE
SHIP'S WARMED
UP...WHERE'S
THE SERGEANT
GUNNER?

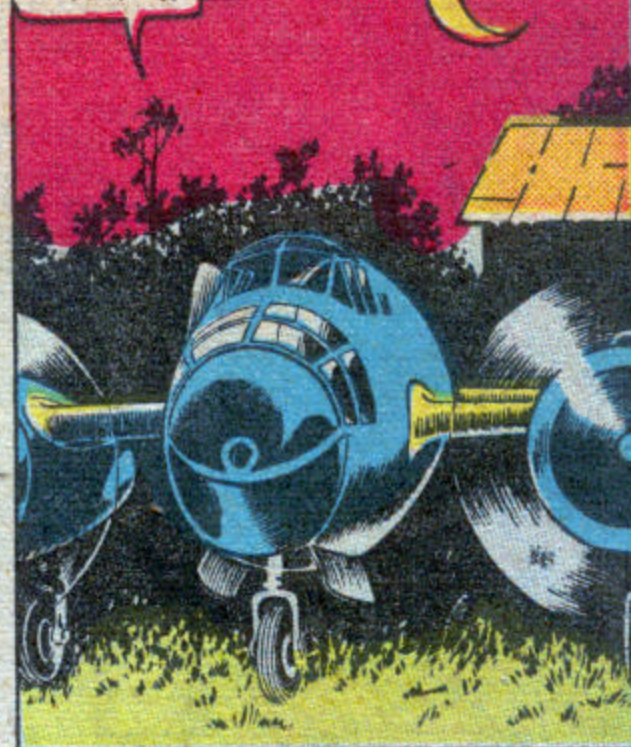
I DON'T
KNOW, CHUCK
BUT HE'LL
SHOW UP...



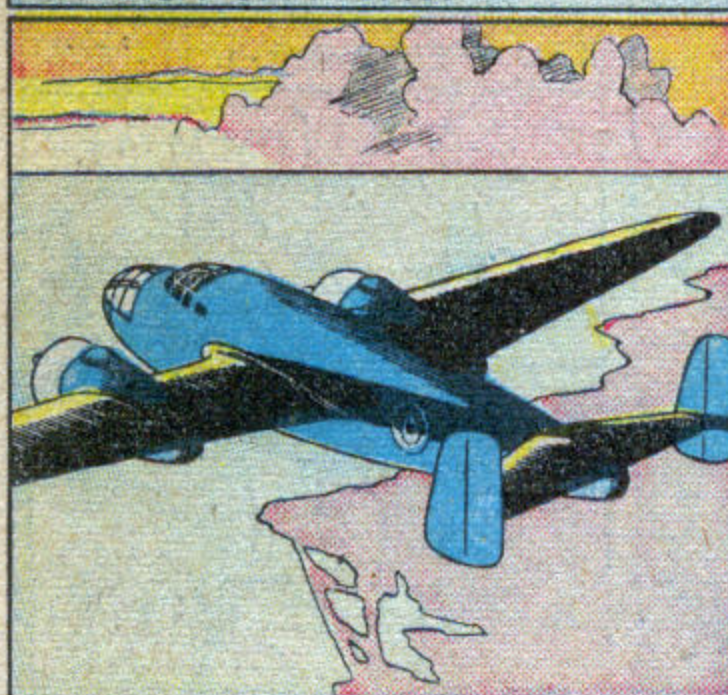
HERE HE COMES...
STEP ON IT, BROTHER,
YOU'RE LATE...!!



GIVE 'ER
THE GUN,
TEX !!



THE EARLY SUN TOUCHES THE
BIG BOMBER AS IT DRONES
HIGH ABOVE THE STILL DARKENED
ENGLISH SEA COAST---



HOW'RE YOU
DOING BACK
THERE, SARGE?

TALKATIVE
GUY, ISN'T
HE --

M-M-M



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE
MORE THAN A FEW
HOURS TO REACH
GIBRALTAR

HEY, SARGE, GET
OUT THE MAP
ON--- H-HEY--
WHAT IN---!!



H-HOLY
SOX
---TEX,
HE'S A
SHE--
I---I
MEAN--



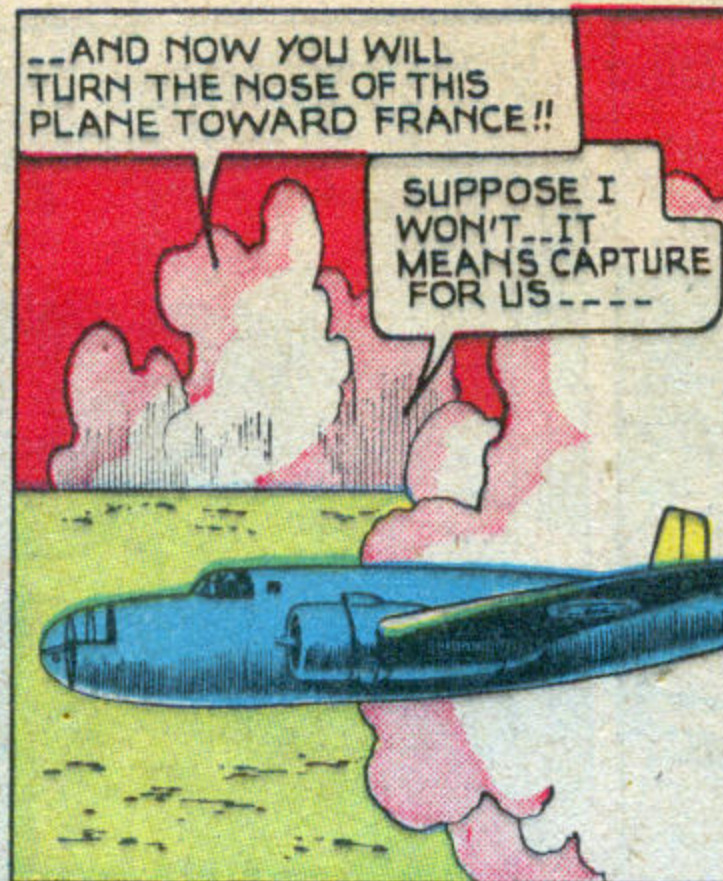
CORRECT, GENTLEMEN...
A SHE---- AND I
MIGHT ADD, SHE CAN
BE MEAN IF YOU MAKE
JUST ONE FOOLISH
MOVE----!!





... BUT WHERE IS THE SERGEANT?

MY ASSOCIATES TOOK CARE OF HIM... WITH A GUN BUTT... SO I COULD TAKE HIS PLACE !!



... AND NOW YOU WILL TURN THE NOSE OF THIS PLANE TOWARD FRANCE !!

SUPPOSE I WON'T... IT MEANS CAPTURE FOR US ----



I SHALL SHOOT YOU BOTH INSTANTLY... IT WON'T UPSET MY PLANS BECAUSE I CAN ALSO FLY A PLANE !



WHAT'S YOUR GAME, HONEY?

I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU... I HAD TO GET BACK TO MY COUNTRY WITH VITAL INFORMATION AND WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE TAKING OFF, I SAW MY CHANCE ----



AND MY GUN WILL TELL YOU WHERE TO GO, PILOT

SO... WE'RE DELIVERING A NAZI SPY... WELL, WELL

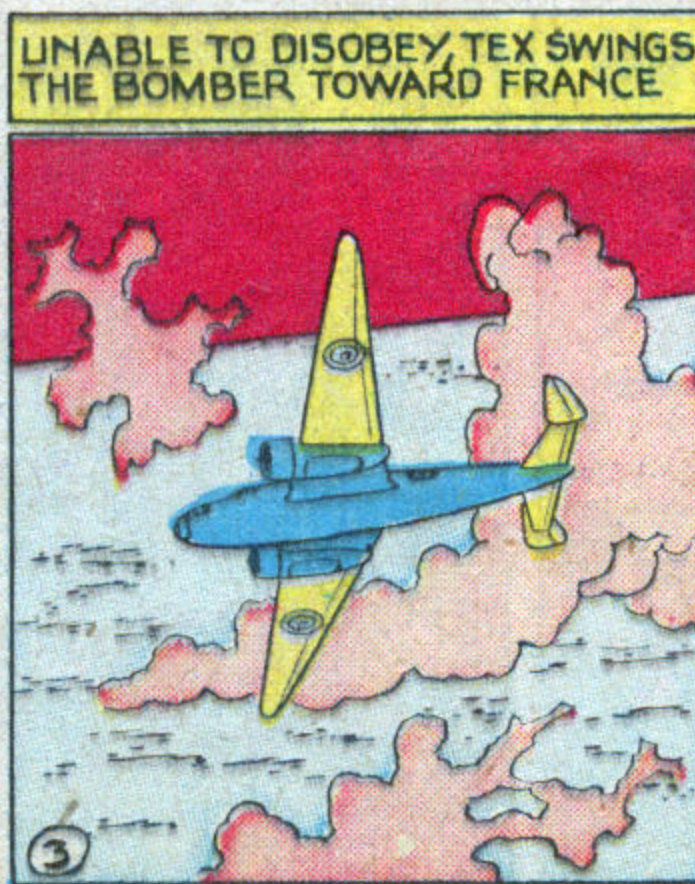


... INCIDENTALLY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T TRY THE OLD TRICK OF STUNTING THE PLANE TO THROW ME OFF BALANCE... YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE YOU OPEN THE THROTTLE !!

HM-M-M



NOW I HOPE WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER... WE SHOULD REACH THE FRENCH COAST IN A HALF HOUR... SEE THAT WE DO, PILOT ---- !!



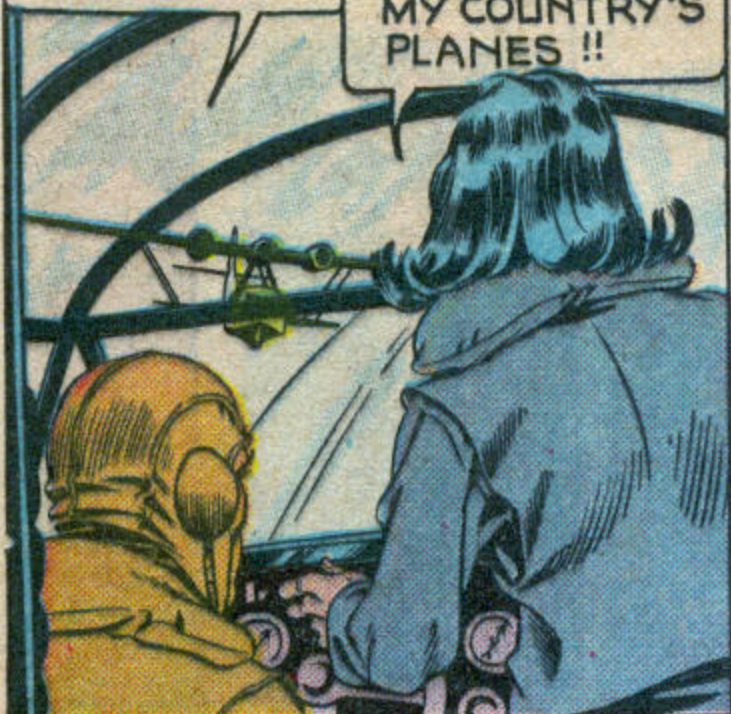
UNABLE TO DISOBEY, TEX SWINGS THE BOMBER TOWARD FRANCE



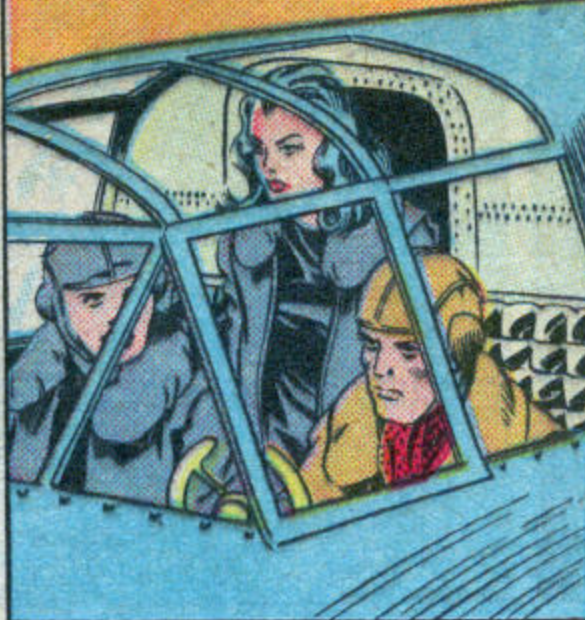
THIS IS A FINE MESS ! I'VE GOTTA THINK UP SOMETHING FAST ----

OH, OH! SOMETHING'S COMING
AHEAD...WHAT DO
WE DO NOW?

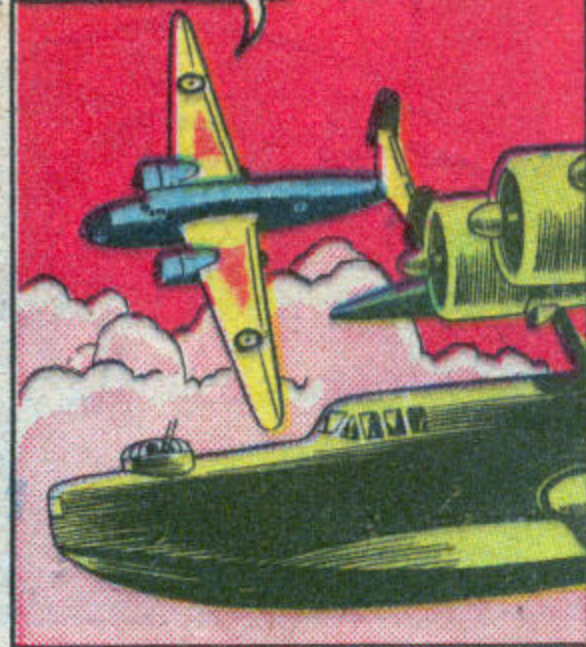
IT'S ONE OF
MY COUNTRY'S
PLANES !!



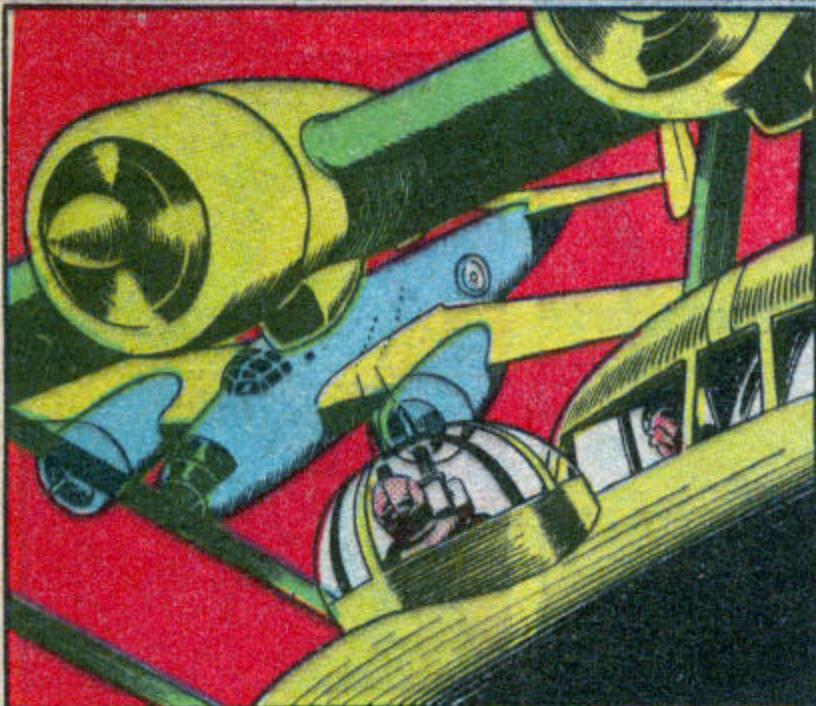
THE FOOLS GOING TO
ATTACK...RUN FROM
HIM, PILOT...!!



THIS PLANE ISN'T FAST
ENOUGH TO ESCAPE...!!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
GOING TO GET SHOT UP,
DUCHESS



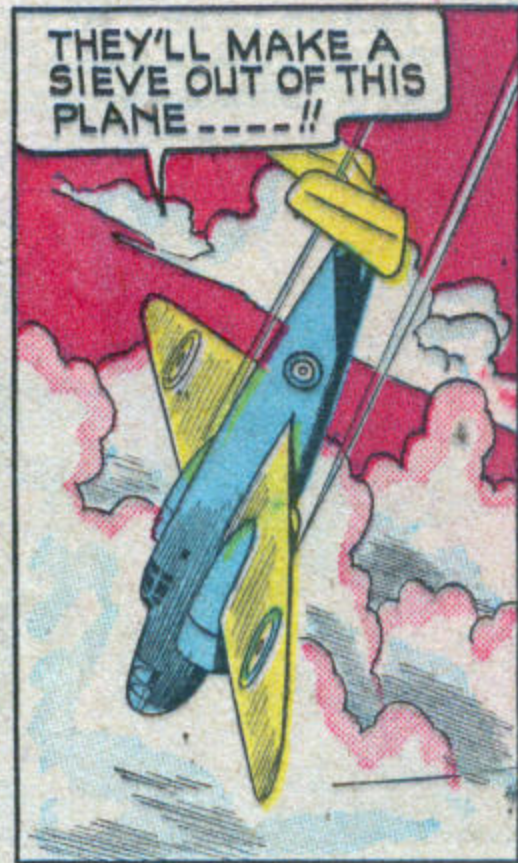
A STREAM OF BULLETS RIPS INTO THE
BOMBER'S LEFT WING, BUT TEX
SLIPS OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE ----



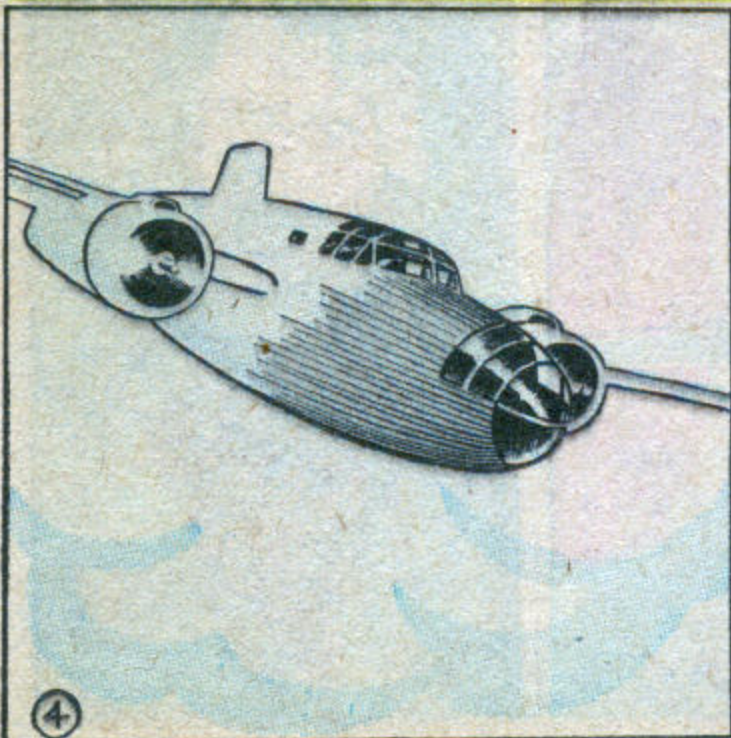
DIVE, YOU
FOOL...INTO
THOSE
CLOUDS
BELOW--



THEY'LL MAKE A
SIEVE OUT OF THIS
PLANE ----!!



THE BOMBER PLUNGES INTO
THE MISTY PROTECTION OF THE
CLOUD BANK



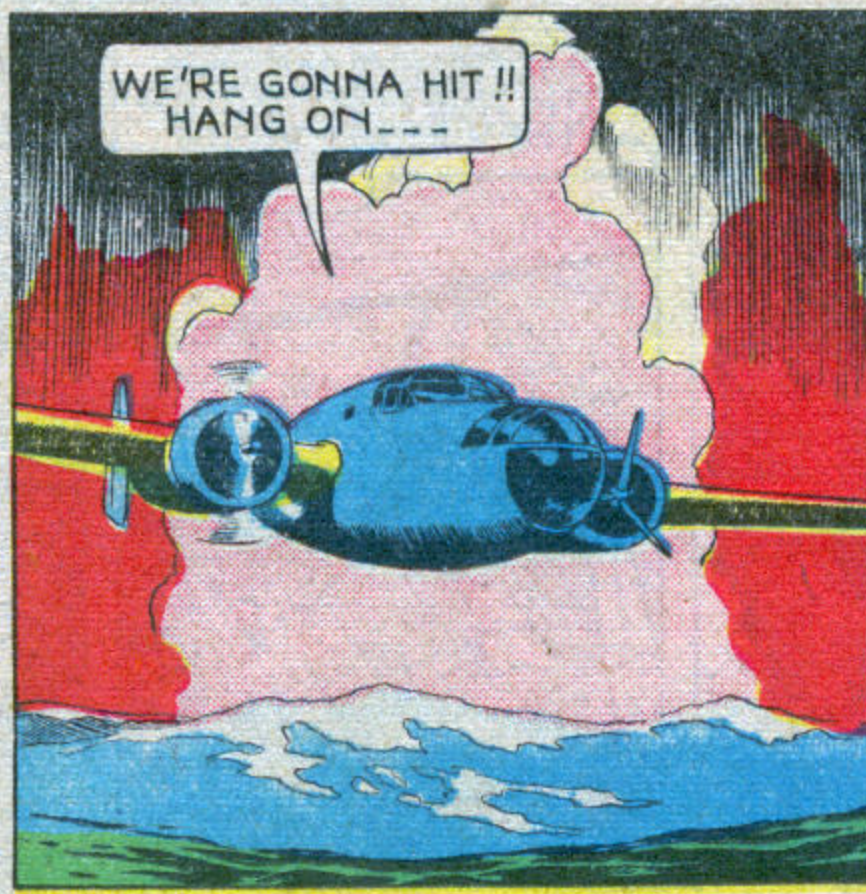
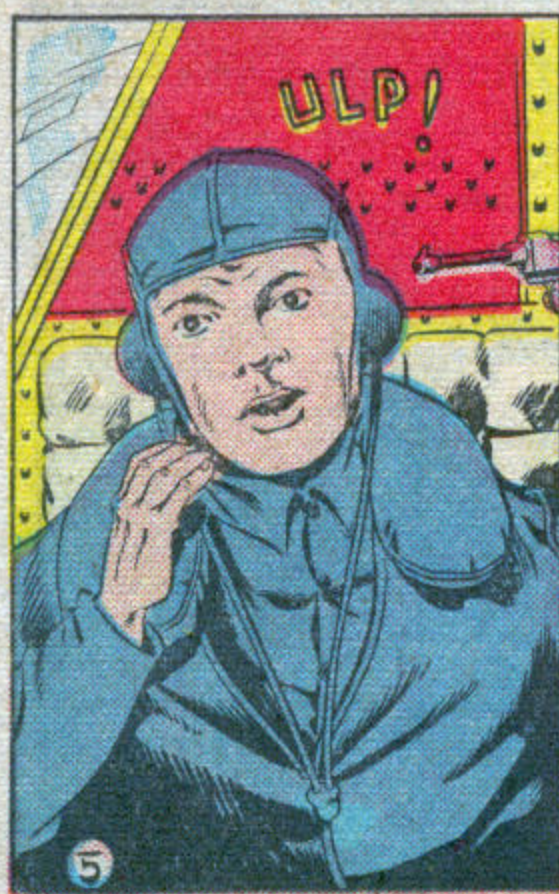
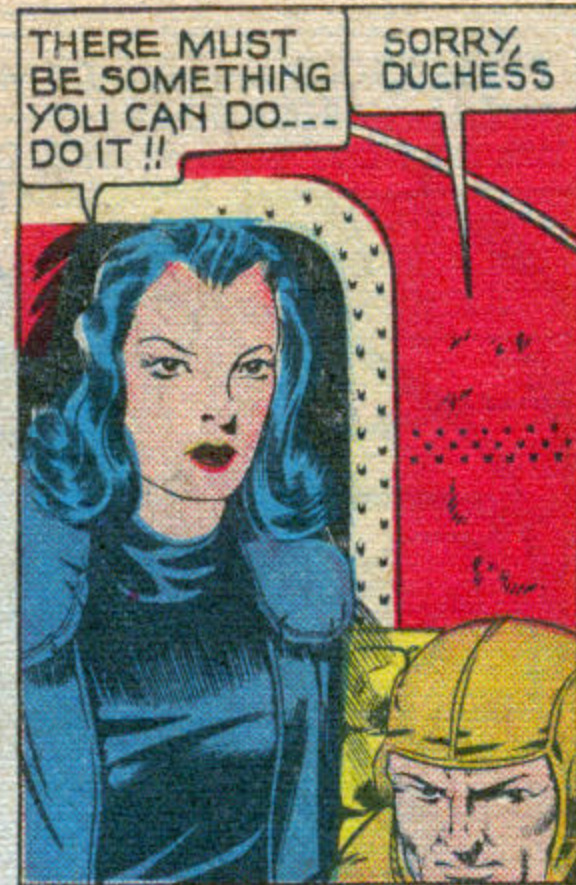
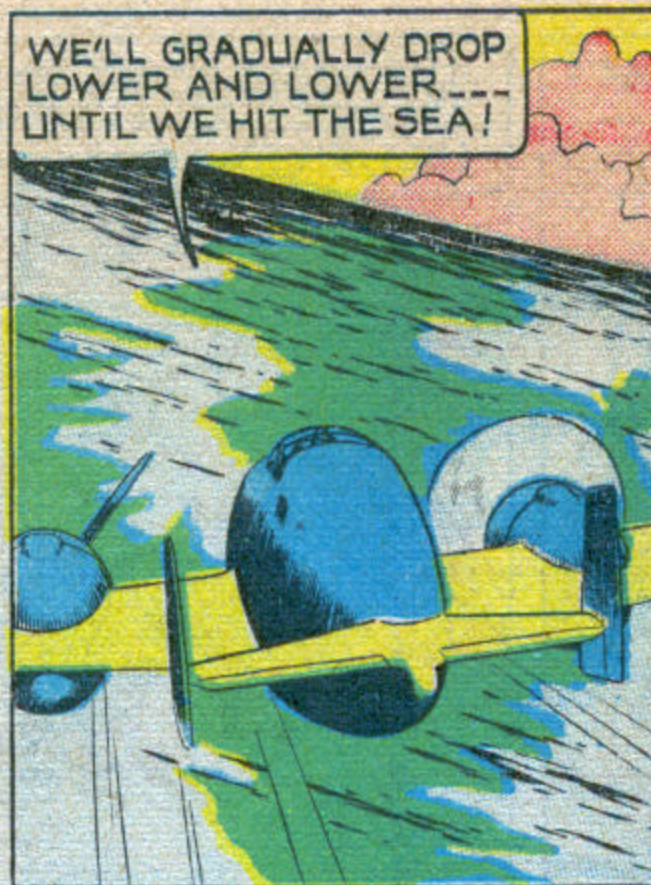
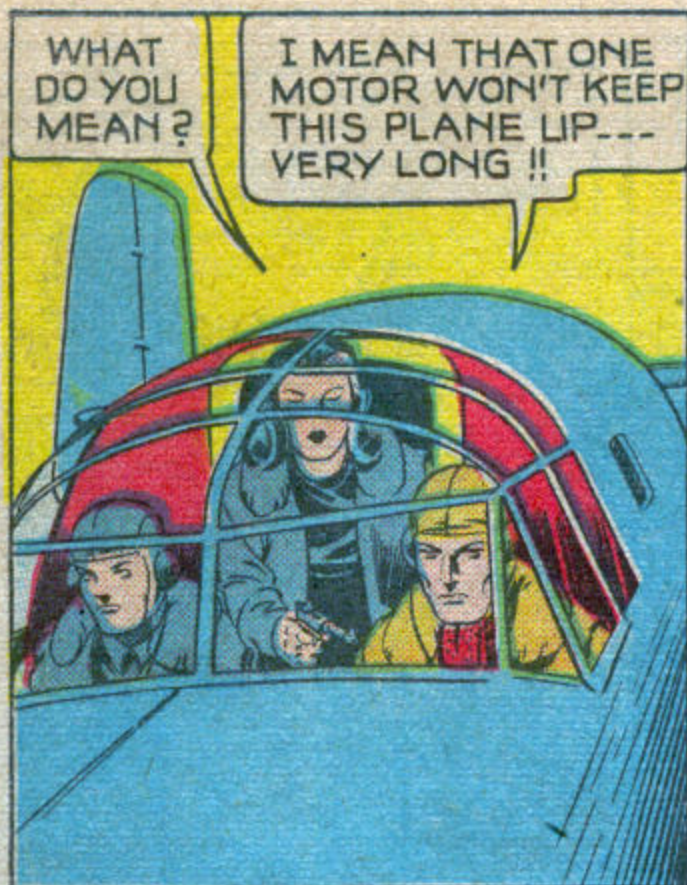
SOMETHING'S WRONG
WITH THE PORT MOTOR!
---THEY MUST'VE HIT
IT---



THE CRIPPLED MOTOR
SUDDENLY STOPS ALTOGETHER

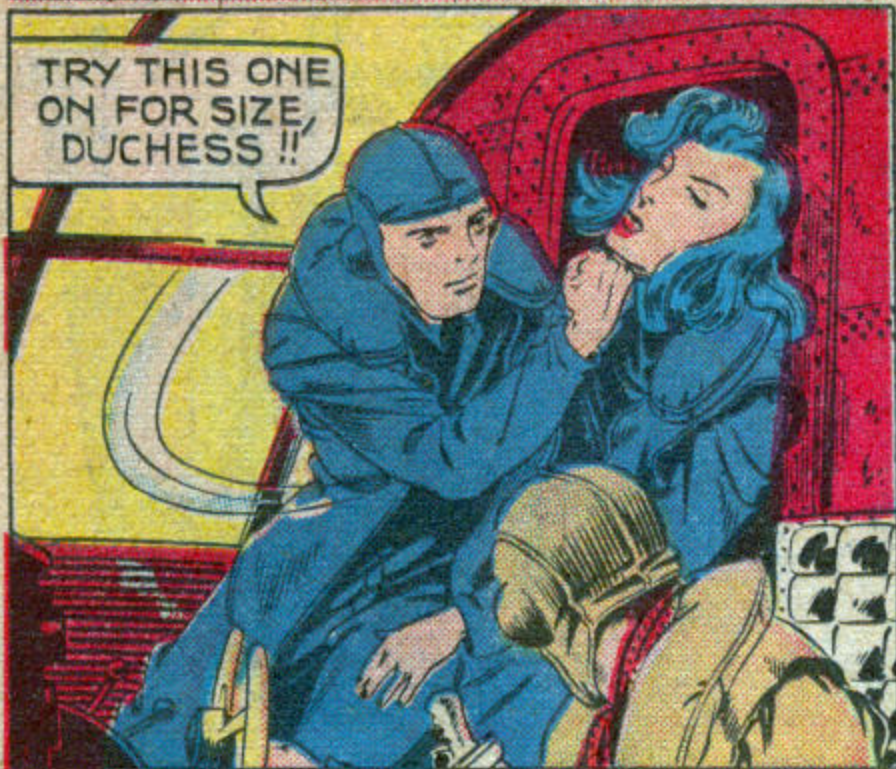
HOPE YOU'RE A
GOOD SWIMMER,
DUCHESS, 'CAUSE
YOU'RE GOING TO
GET YOUR CHANCE



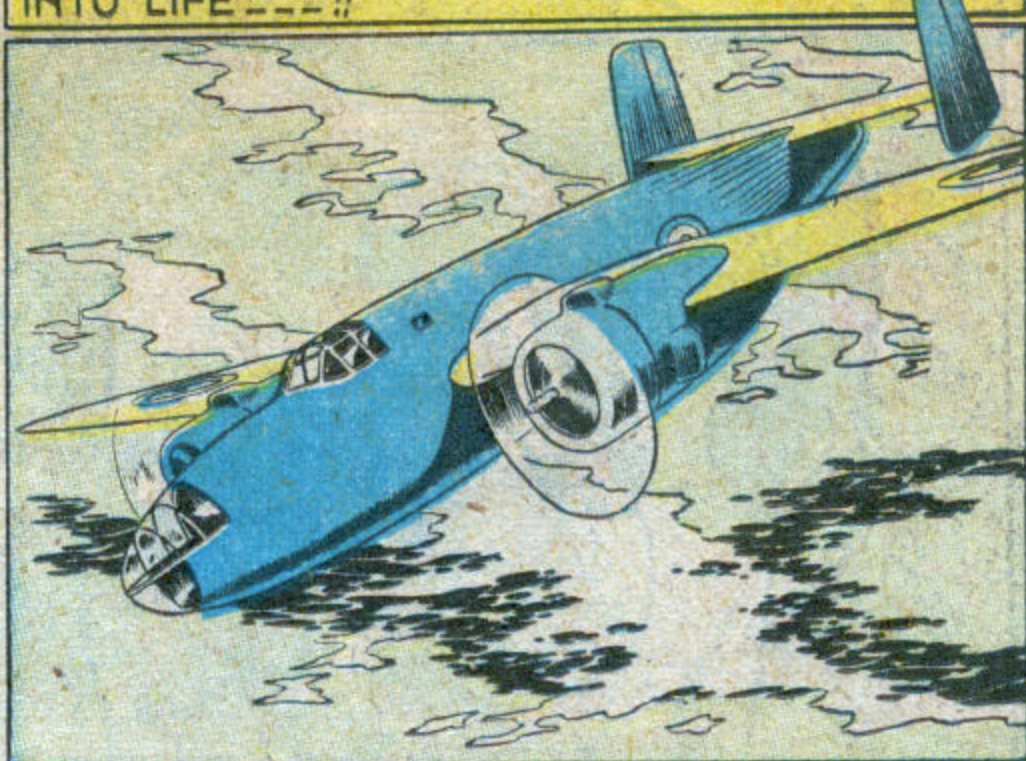


THE GIRL'S PISTOL WAVERS AND
CHUCK SWINGS----

TRY THIS ONE
ON FOR SIZE,
DUCHESS !!



WHILE TEX SLAMS OPEN THE THROTTLES ----
AND THE SUPPOSEDLY CRIPPLED MOTOR ROARS
INTO LIFE ---- !!

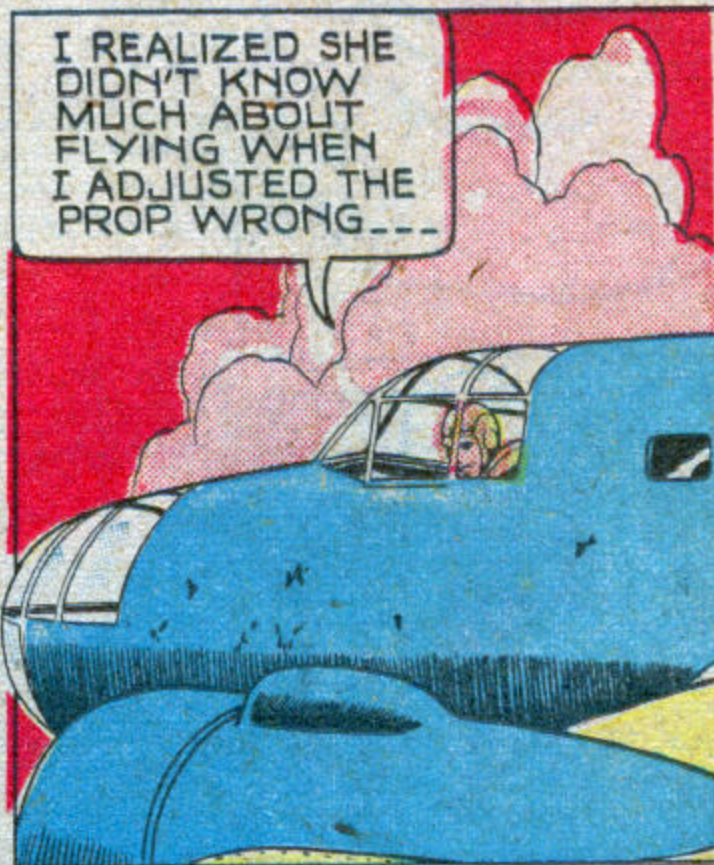


WHEW... I DIDN'T
THINK SHE'D CRACK!
I THOUGHT OUR LITTLE
BLUFF HAD FAILED----

SHE'S
TIED
UP
BACK
THERE...
OUT
COLD



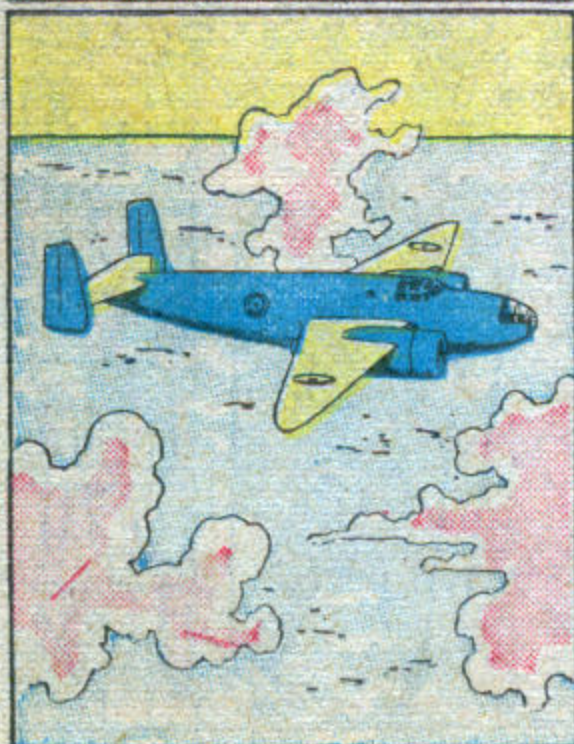
I REALIZED SHE
DIDN'T KNOW
MUCH ABOUT
FLYING WHEN
I ADJUSTED THE
PROP WRONG----



YEAH... I THOUGHT
THE MOTOR WAS
HIT TILL I SAW
YOU CLOSE THE
THROTTLE WITH
YOUR KNEE ---- !!



TEX BANKS THE PLANE
TOWARD GIBRALTER
ONCE AGAIN----

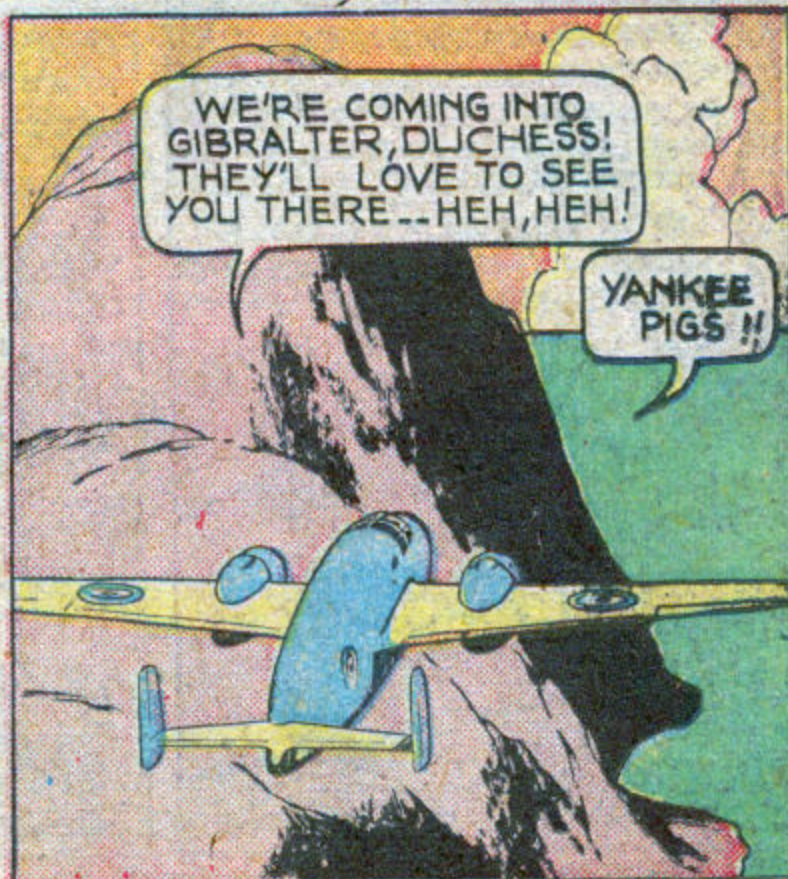


WHAT REALLY HURT WAS
TELLING HER THIS PLANE
COULDN'T OUTFLY THAT
ANIMATED HAY-BARN
THAT SHOT US UP... EVEN
WITH ONLY ONE MOTOR !!



WE'RE COMING INTO
GIBRALTER, DUCHESS!
THEY'LL LOVE TO SEE
YOU THERE -- HEH, HEH!

YANKEE
PIGS !!



Follow Spitfire in every issue of CRACK COMICS.



DON "Q"

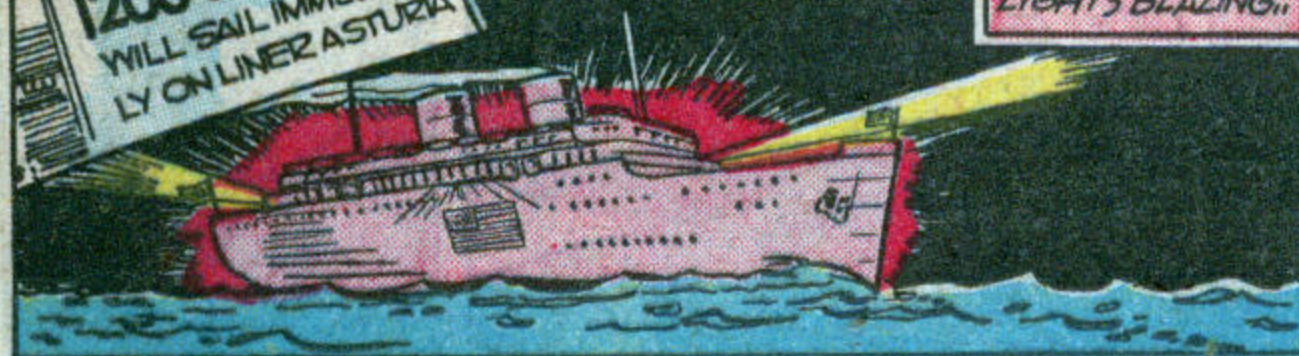
by
VERNON
HENKEL

THE SUN EXTRA
**PRESIDENT
ORDERS
EXPULSION OF
1200 GERMANS**
WILL SAIL IMMEDIATE-
LY ON LINER ASTURIA

LIKE A GREAT
GHOST THE U.S.
LINER "ASTURIA"
MOVES THROUGH
THE NORTH
ATLANTIC WITH
LIGHTS BLAZING..

THERE WON'T BE
MUCH DANGER OF
AXIS SHIPS SINK-
ING US, CAPTAIN..
THEY WOULDN'T
KILL THEIR
OWN MEN!!

NO.. BUT
WE'RE CARRY-
ING A VERY
UNHEALTHY
CARGO.. I'M
KEEPING MEN
POSTED AT THE
SIX INCH GUNS
AT ALL TIMES!



WE'RE AT THE MIDDLE
OF OUR CROSSING NOW..
NOTHING TO REPORT BUT
THE USUAL COMPLAINTS
FROM OUR "PASSENGERS"
"BOY THE QUICKER THEY
REACH THE FATHERLAND
THE BETTER!!

MEANWHILE IN A DINGY BOOK-
SHOP IN LISBON, PORTUGAL..

SHUTUP!

I.. I'LL TELL
YOU.. YES.. IT'S
TRUE.. AN ATTEMPT
WILL BE MADE TO
CAPTURE THE
ASTURIA!!
GASPPPP.....

THAT'S
BETTER,
RAT!!



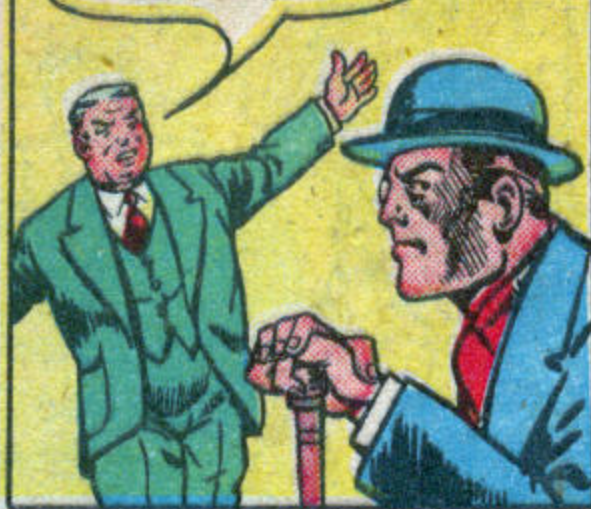
I WAS RIGHT.. THOSE
RUMORS ARE TRUE..
WHAT A PRIZE THE
ASTURIA WOULD
MAKE.. THE PRIDE
OF THE AMERICAN
MERCHANT MARINE
!!!!



LATER... AT THE BRITISH CONSUL



"BUT DON Q OR WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF. THOSE 1200 PASSENGERS ARE UNDER ARMED GUARD. THE SHIP ITSELF WILL BE MET BY A STRONG NAVAL ESCORT. YOUR FEARS ARE GROUNDESS!!



A GOOD SOLDIER WILL NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE ENEMY! I ASK PERMISSION TO INTERCEPT THE ASTURIA BY PLANE, SIR!!

AS YOU WISH, BUT I THINK IT'LL MAKE A DIPLOMAT RATHER SILLY LOOKING!!!



THE RESULT OF DON Q'S EFFORTS



'ALLO, DON Q, YOU ARE SURPRISE NO? LIL' PIERRE EES TO PILEET YOU TO ZE SHIP!!

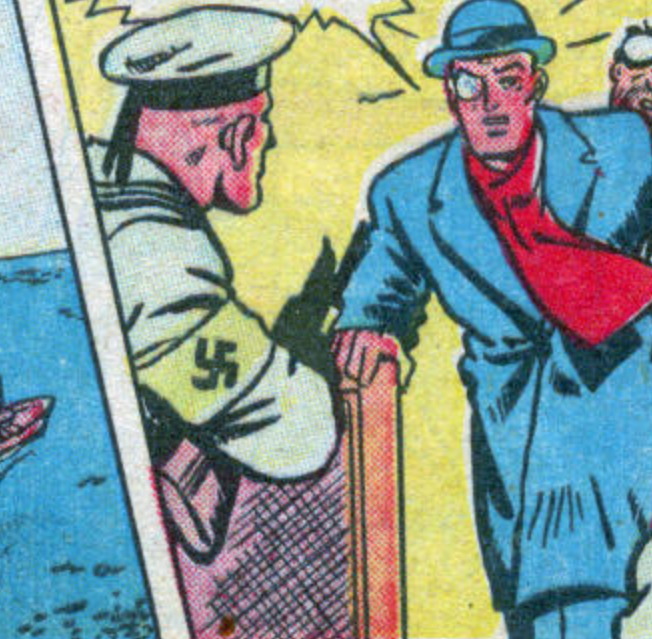


ZEY SAY I AM ZE ONLY PILEET CAPABLE OF ZIS TRIP. ALSO ZE ONLY WAN AVAILABLE!!!



BUT WHEN DON Q BOARDS THE LINER HE RECEIVES A SHOCK.

A GERMAN PRIZE CREW!!



DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED. STATE YOUR PURPOSE FOR CONTACTING THE ASTURIA!!





WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHERE ARE THE AMERICAN OFFICERS? "YOU'RE STILL FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG." THIS IS AN ACT OF WAR!!

YOU AMERICANS ARE SO DISCREET. THE OFFICERS ARE DISARMED AND WELL TAKEN CARE OF!!



ADMIRAL KIEL, WE HAVF MADE CONTACT WITH THE BRITISH PATROL!!

GOOT!! WE MUST NOT LET THEM SUSPECT THE SHIP HASS CHANGED HANDS.. LOCK THESE MEN UP!!



DONQ AND UL' PIERRE ARE TAKEN BELOW..

INSIDE!!

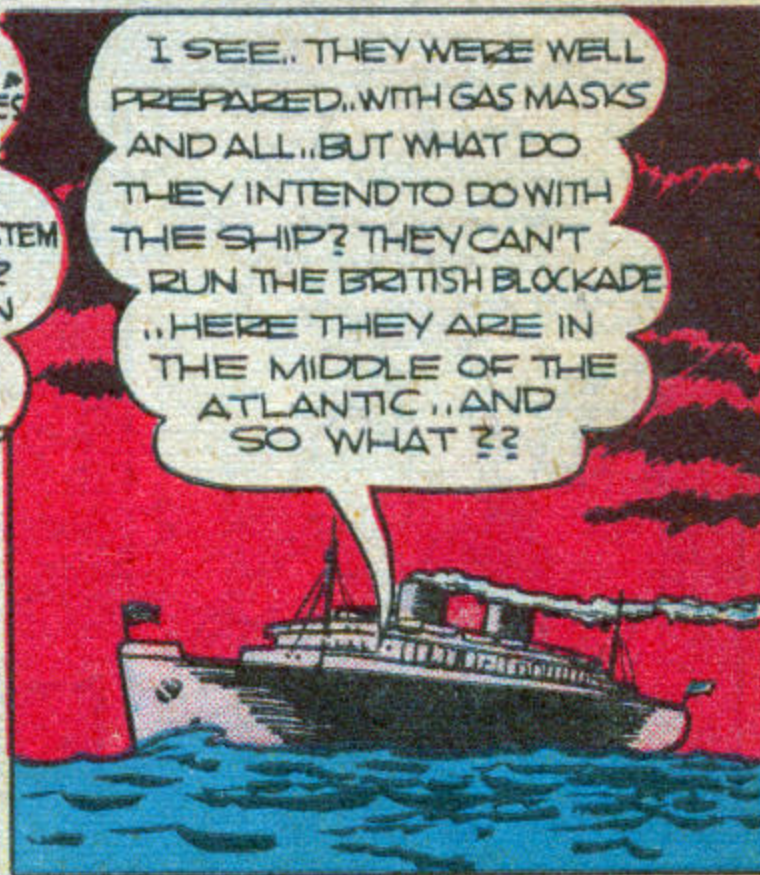
QUEET SHOVING!



THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP!! SAY, HOW IN BLAZES DID..?

YES!! A FINE BUNCH OF DUMMIES WE TURNED OUT TO BE!

THE NAZIS SMUGGLED HUNDREDS OF TINYCAPSULES OF LIQUID GAS ABOARD WHICH THEY PLACED IN THE AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM "IT KNOCKED US OUT FOR THREE HOURS.. WHEN WE CAME TO THEY HAD OUR GUNS AND COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE SHIP!!



I SEE.. THEY WERE WELL PREPARED.. WITH GAS MASKS AND ALL.. BUT WHAT DO THEY INTEND TO DO WITH THE SHIP? THEY CAN'T RUN THE BRITISH BLOCKADE "HERE THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC.. AND SO WHAT??



I DON'T KNOW.. BUT WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO MUST BE TERRIFIC.. ADMIRAL KIEL HIMSELF BOARDED THE ASTURIA FROM A U-BOAT TO TAKE COMMAND!!

THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS



QUITE ZO, GENTLEMEN, IT ISS ONLY FAIR THAT I TELL YOU WHAT ISS IN STORZ FOR ALL UFF US!!



WE ARE NOW BEING ESCORTED BY A SQUADRON UFF BRITISH DESTROYERS INTO THE HAR-BOR UFF GIBRALTAR... WITHIN ONE HUNDRED MILES OF HERE ISS A POWERFUL GERMAN SQUADRON WHICH ISS FOLLOWING US THRU THE SECRET MINE FIELDS !!!



DON Q RUNS TO THE DECK FOLLOWED BY LIL' PIERRE..



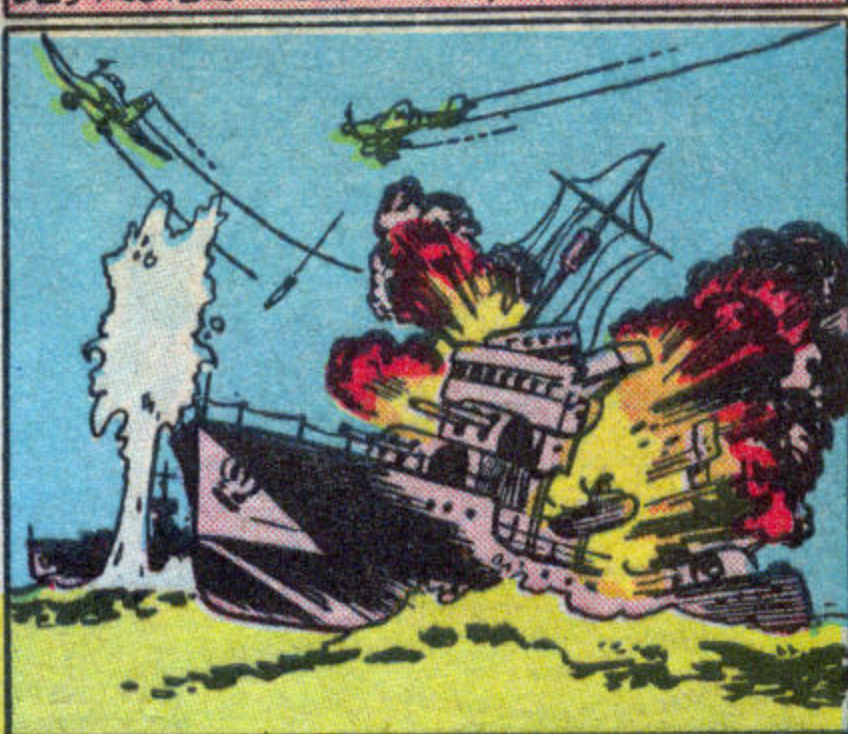
ABOARD THE DESTROYER

YOUR STORY IS ABSOLUTELY FANTASTIC BUT I'LL GET OFF A MESSAGE ANYWAY.. WE'LL RIG YOU UP IN SOME DRY DUDS!!

CLANG
CLANG
CLANG

AIR ATTACK, BLAST IT! WISH THEY'D STOP PESTERING US!!

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH NAZI DIVE BOMBERS.. THE AIR IS FULL OF FLYING METAL AND THE DESTROYER REELS CRAZILY, ALMOST BLOWN IN TWO



COME ON, PIERRE, IT'S BACK TO THE DRINK FOR US!

THERE'S A LIFE-RAFT.. GET ON IT!! AND THERE GOES THE CONVOY MOVING INTO GIBRALTAR!!

SUDDENLY A BRITISH PATROL BOMBERS OVERHEAD....

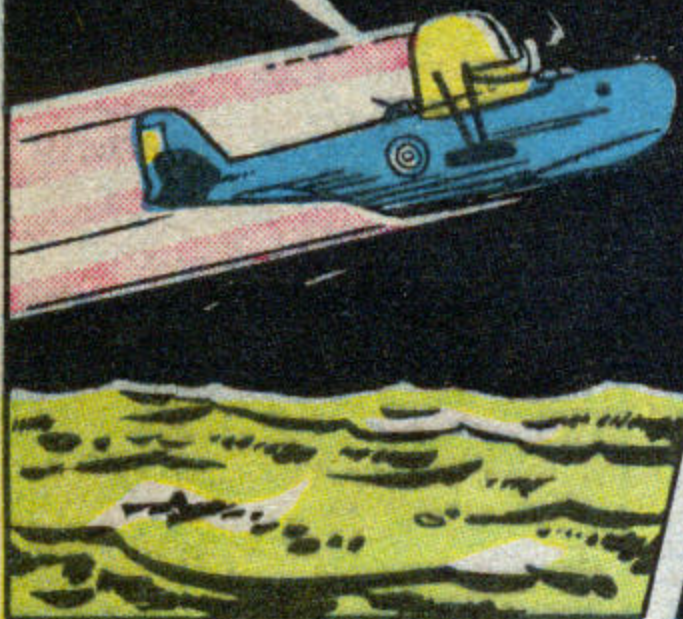
LOOK! A RESCUE PLANE LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS.. BREAK OUT THAT FLARE!!

FLARE TO THE RIGHT.. WE'LL DROP DOWN.. MUST BE SOME OF THE MEN FROM THE SUNKEN DESTROYER!

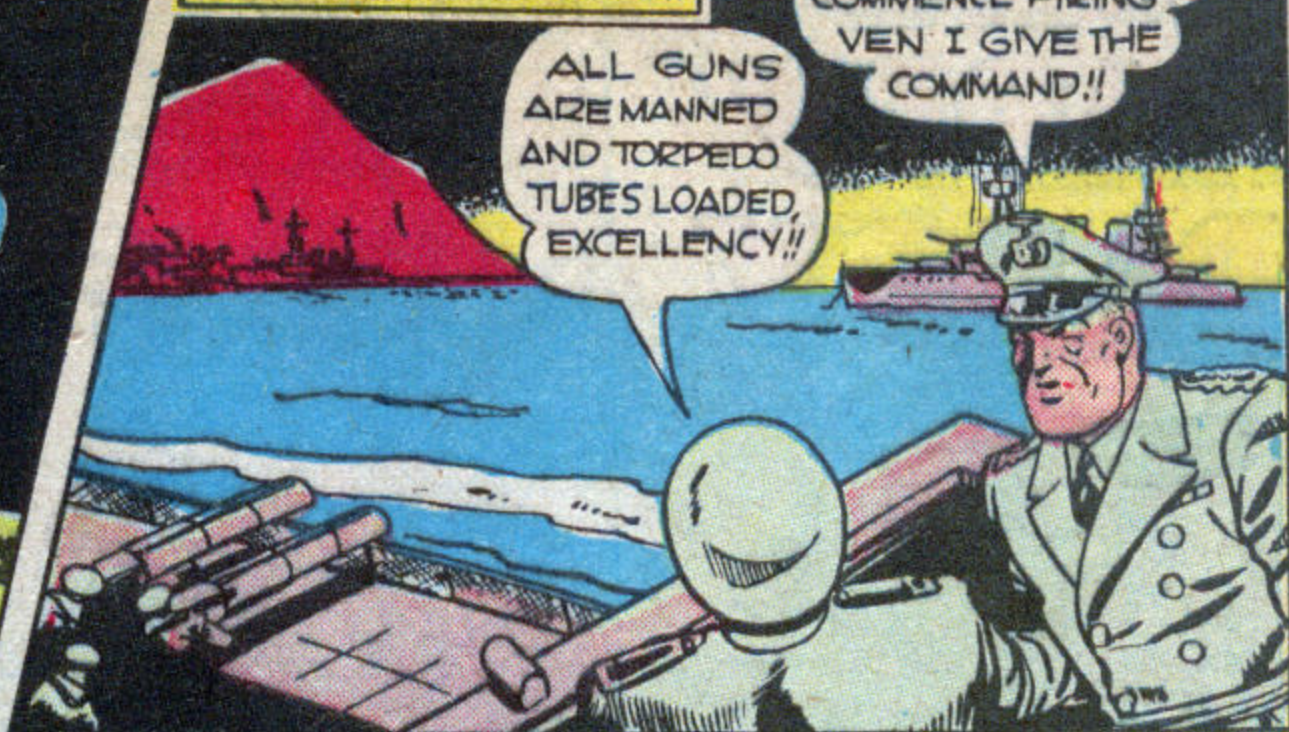
THE BOMBER LANDS AND DON Q AND LIL' PIERRE ARE RESCUED.

GET ME TO GIBRALTAR AS FAST AS YOU CAN.. I MUST WARN THEM TO KEEP THE ASTURIA OUT OF THE HARBOR! SHE WAS TAKEN OVER BY THE GERMANS.. THEY PLAN TO TORPEDO AS MANY SHIPS AS THEY CAN WHEN THEY GET IN.. THAT'LL BE THE SIGNAL FOR A BLITZ ATTACK.. LAND, SEA AND AIR THE GERMANS HAVE A NAVAL SQUADRON READY TO COME IN!!

GOOD HEAVENS! THE ASTURIA MUST BE ENTERING GIBRALTAR NOW..IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE....



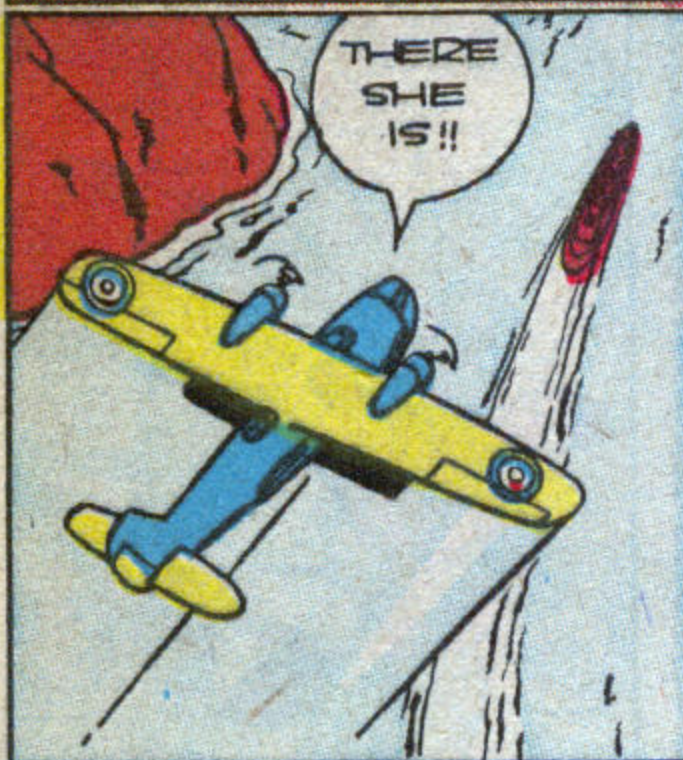
MEANWHILE AT GIBRALTAR THE ASTURIA EDGES TOWARD THE BRITISH NAVAL BASE..



ALL GUNS ARE MANNED AND TORPEDO TUBES LOADED, EXCELLENCY!!

GOOT! VE ARE MOVING INTO POSITION.. COMMENCE FIRING VEN I GIVE THE COMMAND!!

SUDDENLY THE PATROL BOMBER ROARS OVER THE FAMOUS "ROCK"

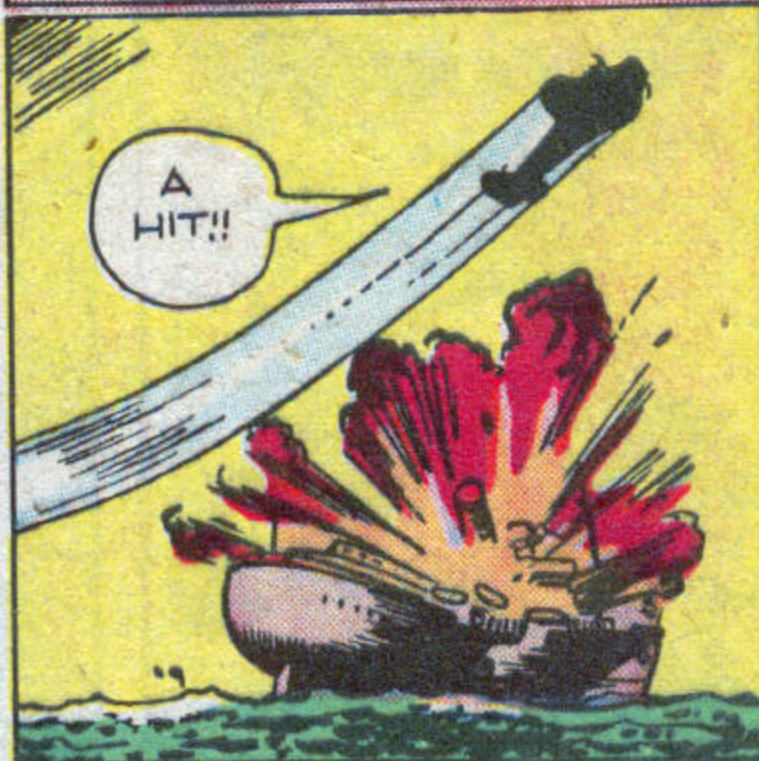


THERE SHE IS!!

THIS SHIP IS LOADED WITH BOMBS...WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR !!!!

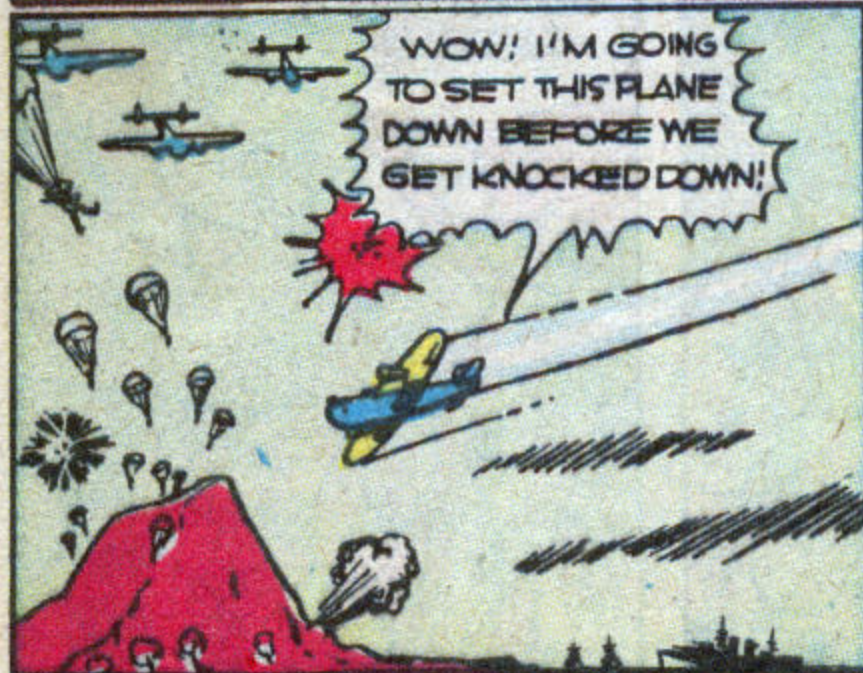


AT DON Q'S ORDERS THE BOMBER SETS OFF AN EXPLOSION THAT ROCKS THE PLANE



A HIT!!

THE GERMANS THINKING THAT IT WAS ADMIRAL KIEL'S TORPEDOES.. START THEIR ATTACK ON GIBRALTAR.. THE SKY IS FULL OF PLANES AND IT RAINS PARACHUTE TROOPS...



WOW! I'M GOING TO SET THIS PLANE DOWN BEFORE WE GET KNOCKED DOWN!

THE BRITISH FORCES SWING INTO ACTION AND REPULSE THE GROUND AND AIR ATTACK... DON Q AND LIL' PIERRE ARE RUSHED TO THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF!!

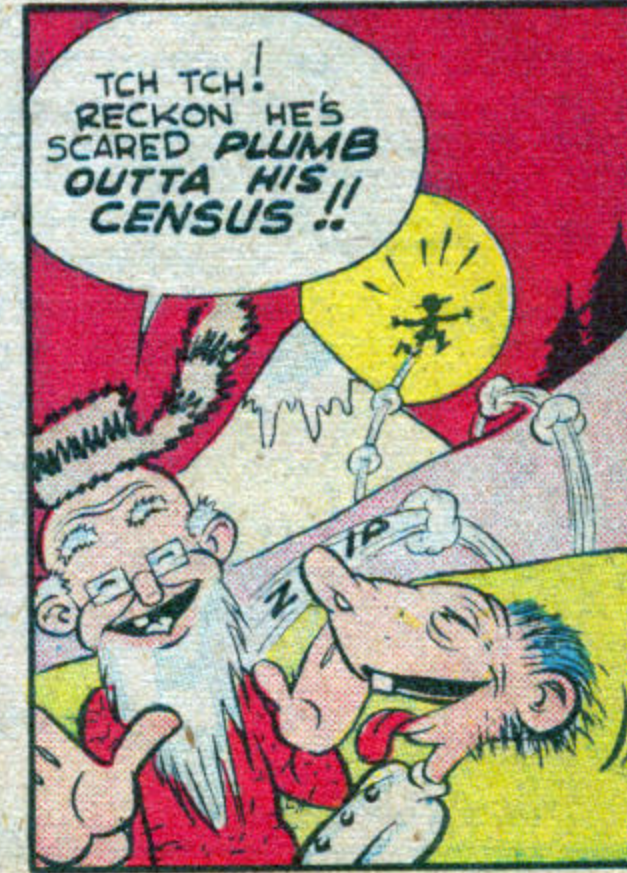
WHAT ABOUT THE ENEMY SQUADRON.. THEY MUST HAVE THE COURSE THRU THE MINE-FIELDS BY NOW!!

I EXPECT THEY HAVE.. WE'VE ALREADY SENT OUT A FLOTILLA OF MINE-LAYERS.. I'M AFRAID THAT ENEMY SQUADRON WILL RECEIVE AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE WHEN IT TRIES TO COME THRU!!

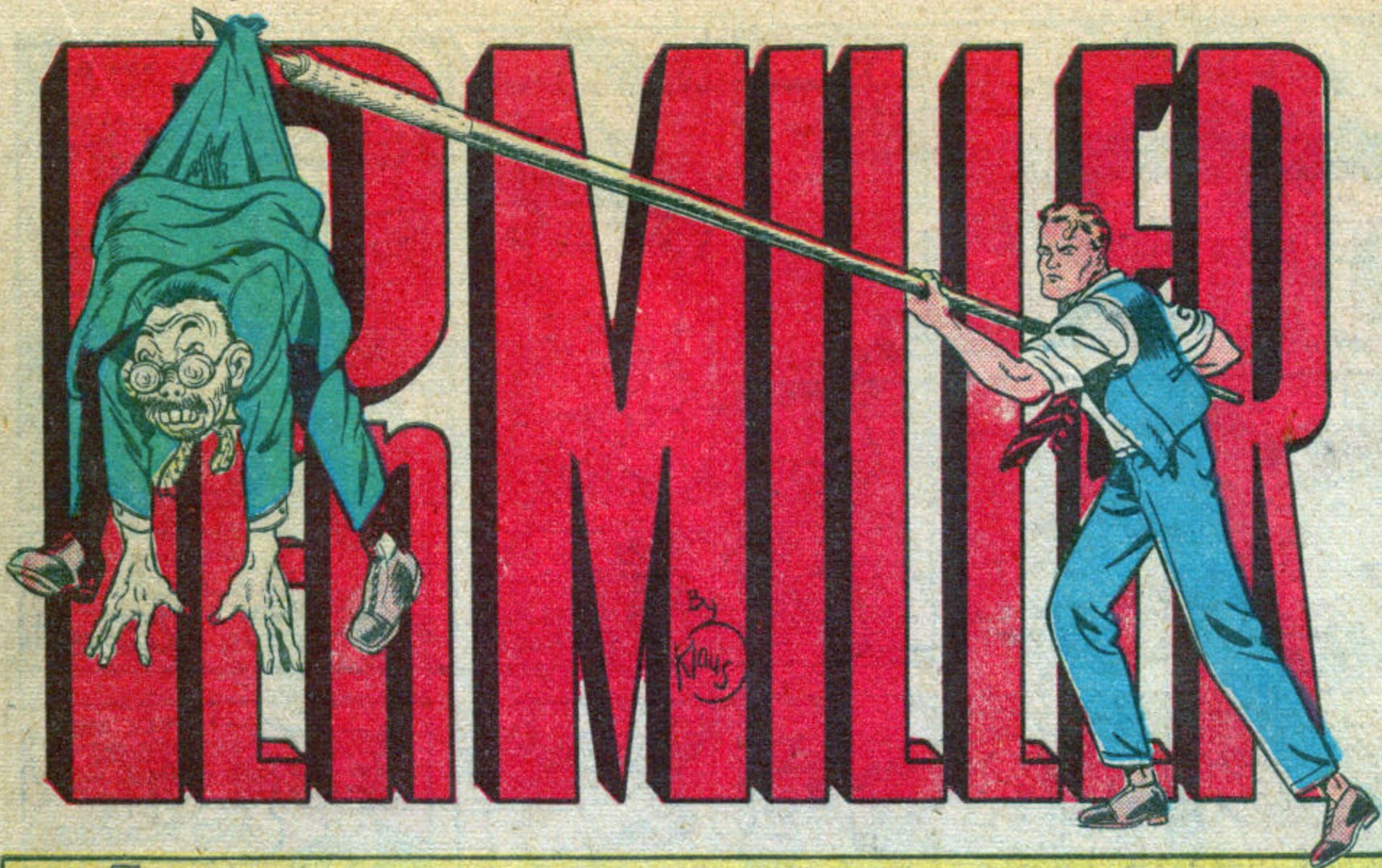


SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

BY
RALPH
JOHNS



Slap Happy Pappy will amuse you each month in CRACK COMICS.



PEN MILLER AGAIN LAYS ASIDE HIS TOOLS TO UNWEAVE THE TANGLED THREADS OF CRIME... FOR THE FAMED CARTOONIST-DETECTIVE CULLS HIS STORIES FROM HIS OWN ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

PEN AND HIS CHINESE HOUSEBOY, CHOP CHU, EMBARK ON A FISHING JAUNT IN THE PACIFIC.

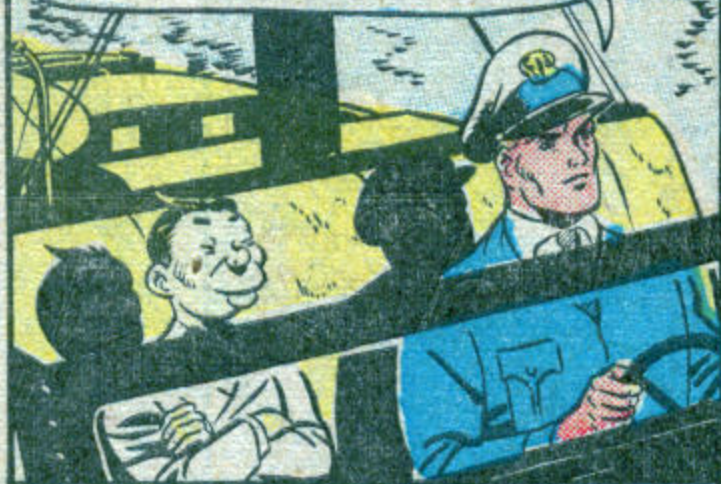
WE FIND FISH STOLY FOR NEXT MONTH'S ADVENTURE, MIST' MILLER?



THIS IS JUST AN EXCUSE TO PROWL DOWN THE CALIFORNIA COAST, CHOP.



TOO MANY FREIGHTERS ARE BEING TORPEDOED NOT FAR OUT OF PORT... WHICH MEANS INFORMATION IS LEAKING OUT TO SOME JAP SUB.



MAYBE WE CAN SPOT THAT LEAKAGE OUT HERE SOMEWHERE...



THEN... ONE EVENING... AFTER SEVERAL DAYS AT SEA...

DON'T LOOK NOW, CHOP, BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.

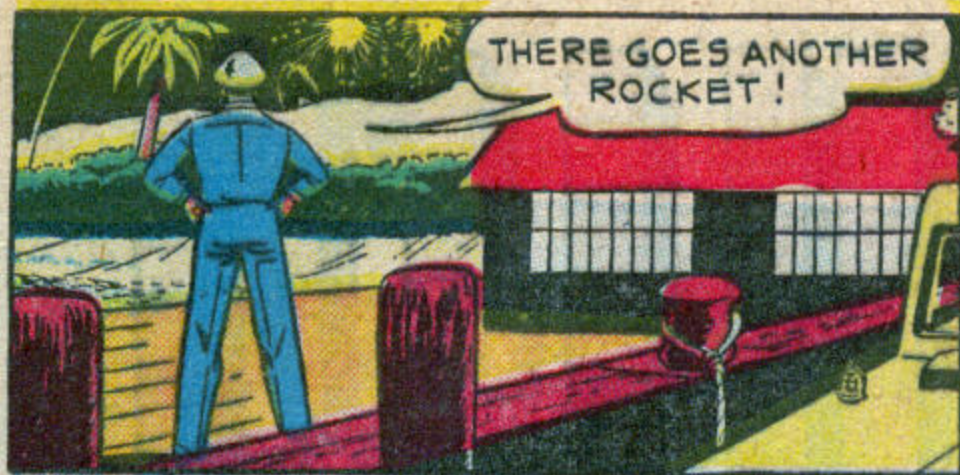


GLACIOUS! SUBMALINE, DUNK AND DISAPPEAR!

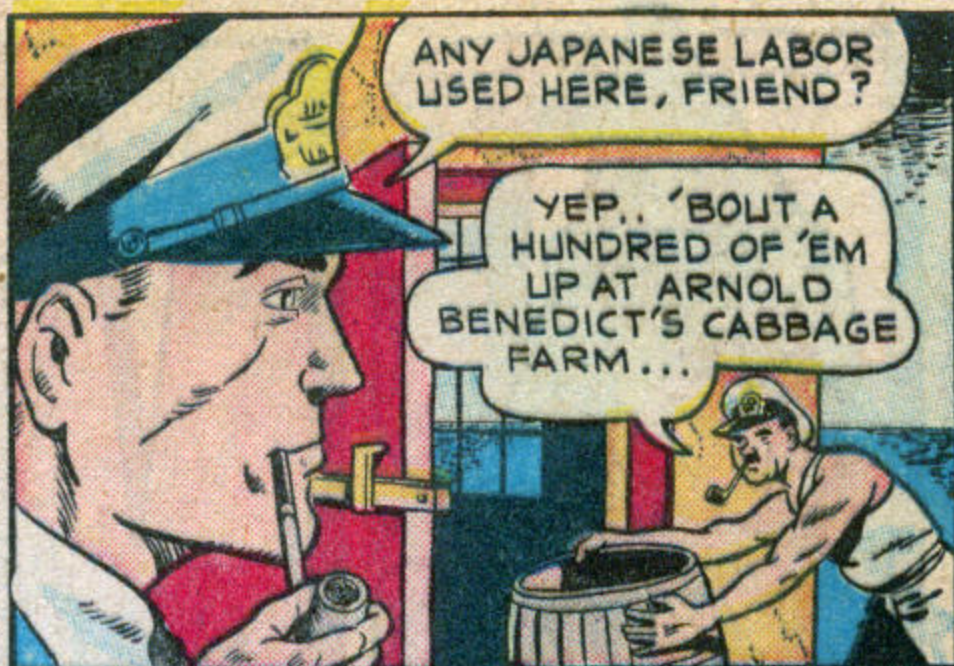


AND THAT'S WHY! GUESS WE'LL DOCK HERE AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND..





THERE GOES ANOTHER
ROCKET!



ANY JAPANESE LABOR
USED HERE, FRIEND?

YEP.. 'BOUT A
HUNDRED OF 'EM
UP AT ARNOLD
BENEDICT'S CABBAGE
FARM...



YOU GO GET A
JOB ON THAT
FARM IN THE
MORNING, CHOP.
BENEDICT WON'T
KNOW YOU FROM
A JAP.



AND SNOOP AROUND..
I'M GOING BACK AND
HAVE THE F.B.I. PUT OUT
A PHONY REPORT OF
A SHIP SAILING AT
8p.m. TOMORROW...
I'LL COME BACK
HERE BY PLANE.

THUS, THE WILY
CARTOONIST
RETURNS TO
THE SCENE, ON
THE FOLLOWING
EVENING...



WELL, THE PHONY SHIP
LISTING IS OUT FOR
ANYBODY TO
USE. HAVE
ANY LUCK,
CHOP?

INDEED!
IN MIST'
BENEDICT'S
STORAGE
HOUSE IS
BIG SUPPLY
ROCKETS
AND FLARES.



SEVEN O'CLOCK NOW.. IF BENEDICT IS
SPILLING INFORMATION TO THE SUB, THE
FIREWORKS SHOULD START SOON.



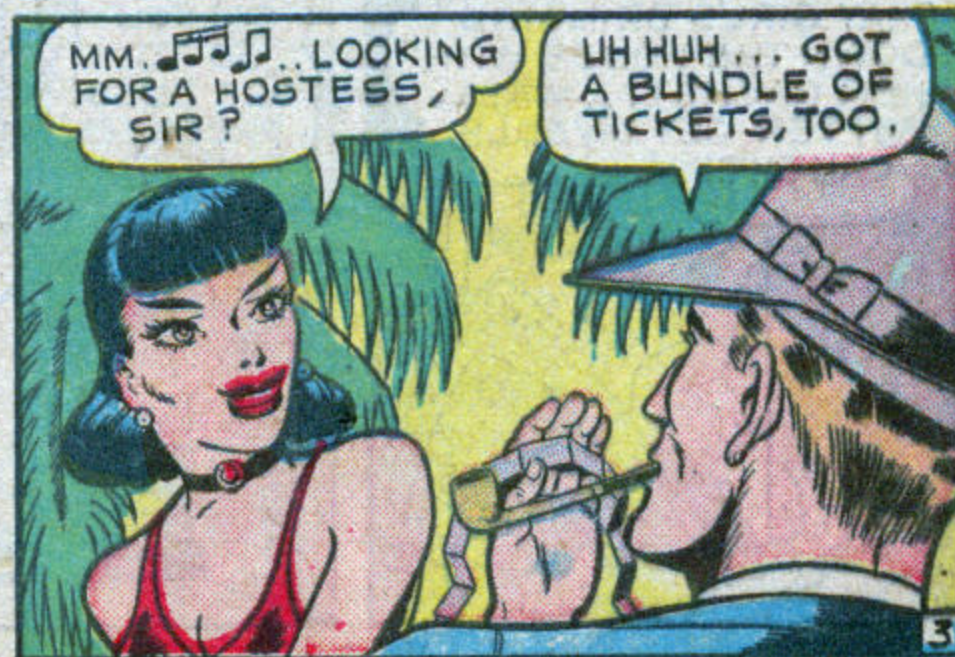
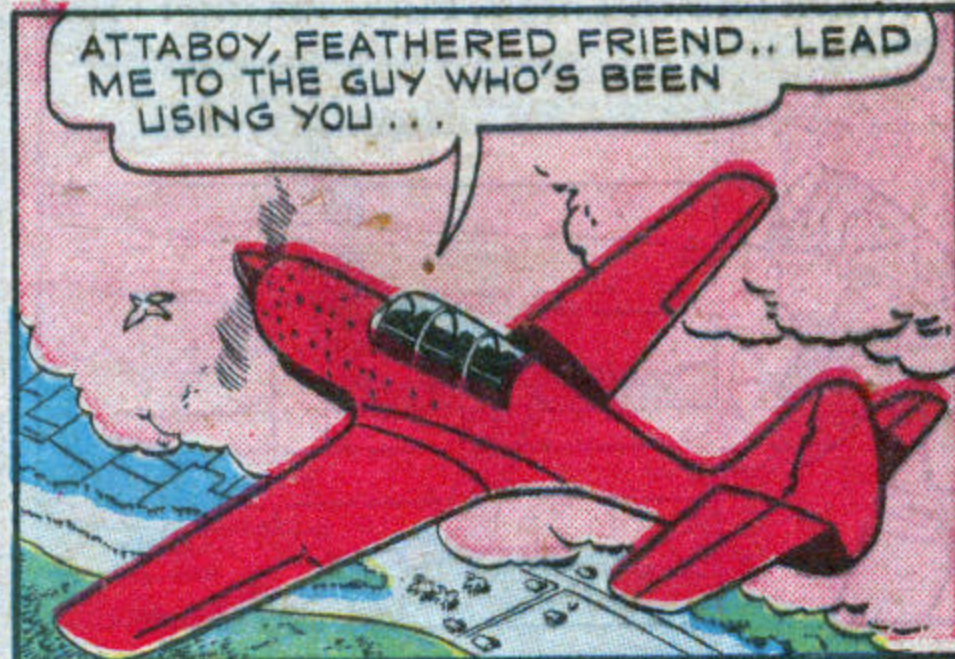
AHA! THERE WE
GO! THAT GIVES
THE SUB AN HOUR
TO GET NEAR
PORT..



SO! WHAT BUSINESS
HAVE YOU HERE?!



IT'S PAST YOUR
BEDTIME,
CHARLIE!





I'M KIND OF LONESOME I'D JUST LIKE TO TALK... CAN'T WE SIT IT OUT IN A PRIVATE DINING ROOM?



SNIF - SNIF... WHAT'S THAT STRANGE ODOR COMING OUT OF THAT ROOM?



HERE WE ARE... SHALL I RING FOR THE WAITER?

I HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THAT ODOR...

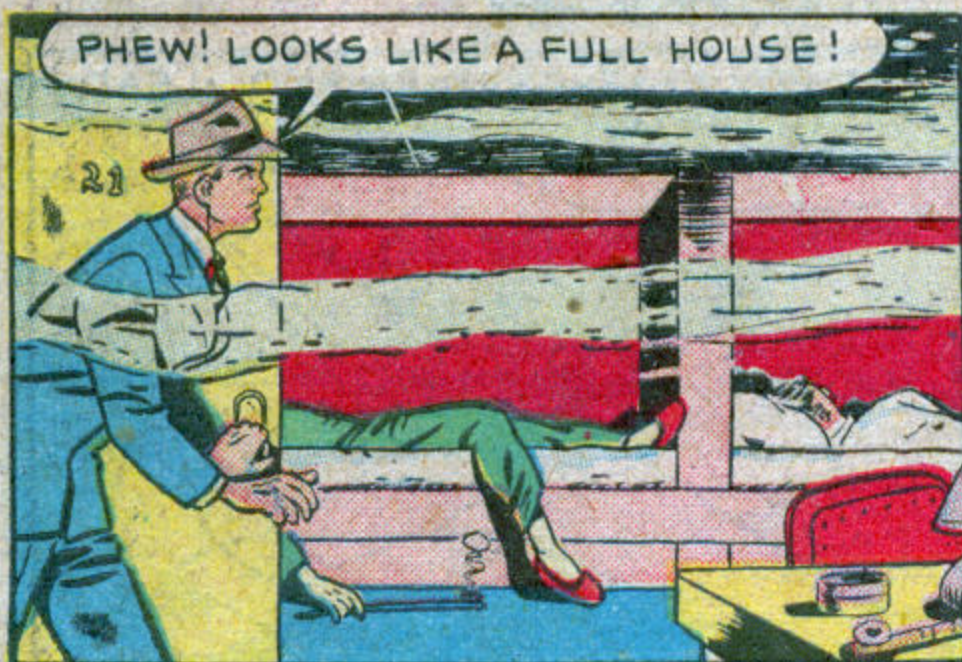


HEY! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

I'LL CALL A WAITER MYSELF!



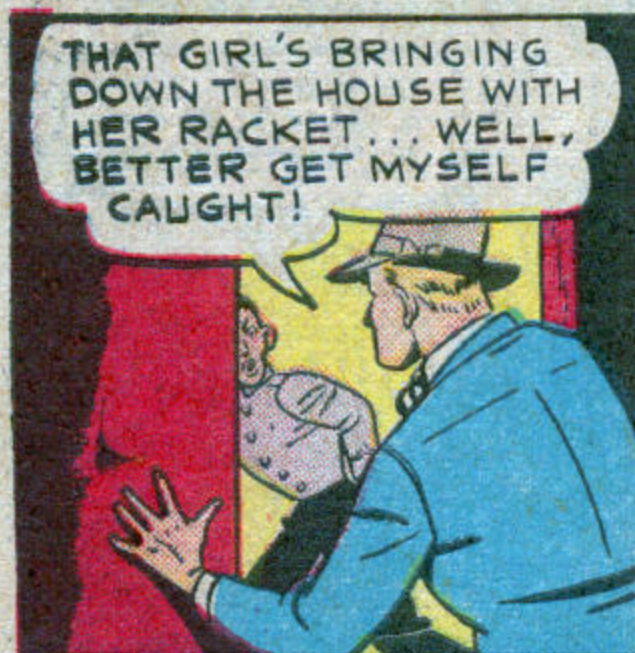
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT... IT'S OPIUM!



PHEW! LOOKS LIKE A FULL HOUSE!



HM... A WHITE MAN! LET'S LOOK IN HIS WALLET...



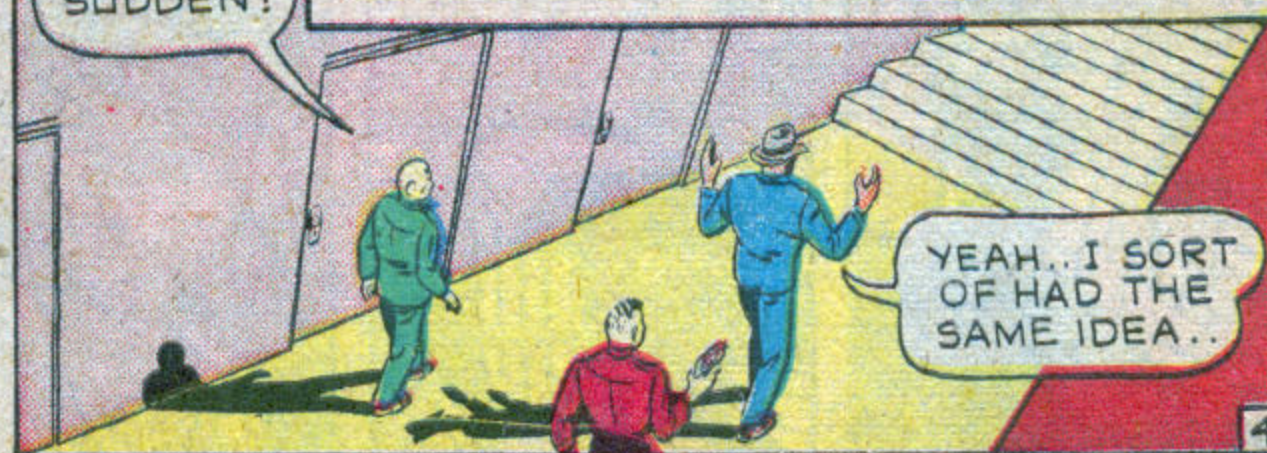
THAT GIRL'S BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE WITH HER RACKET... WELL, BETTER GET MYSELF CAUGHT!



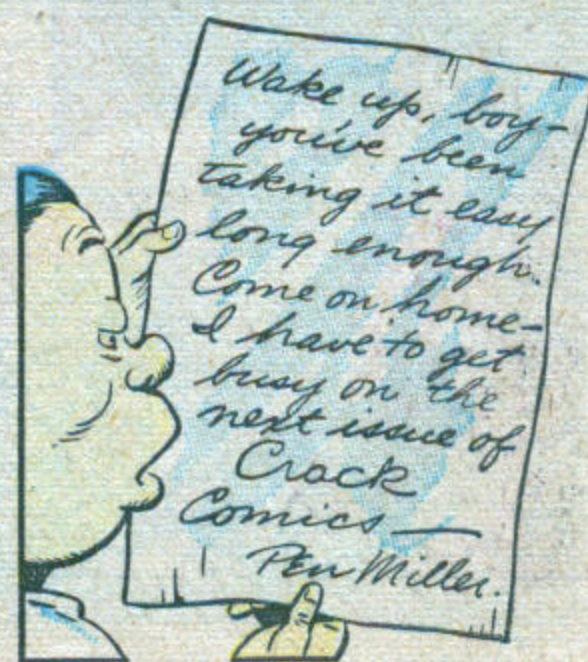
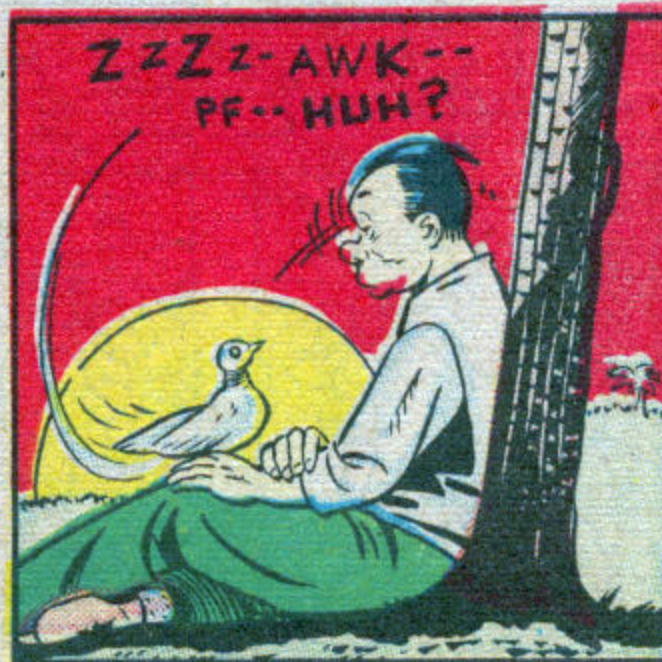
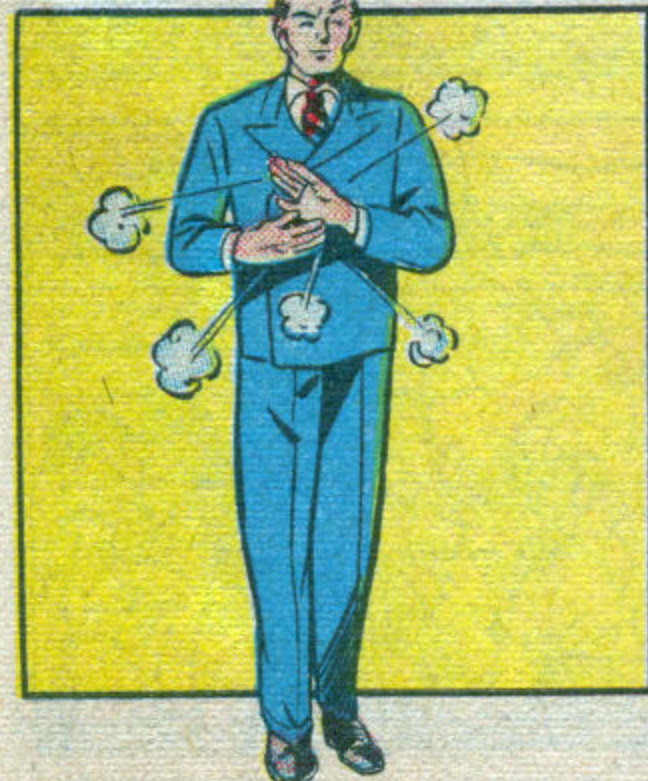
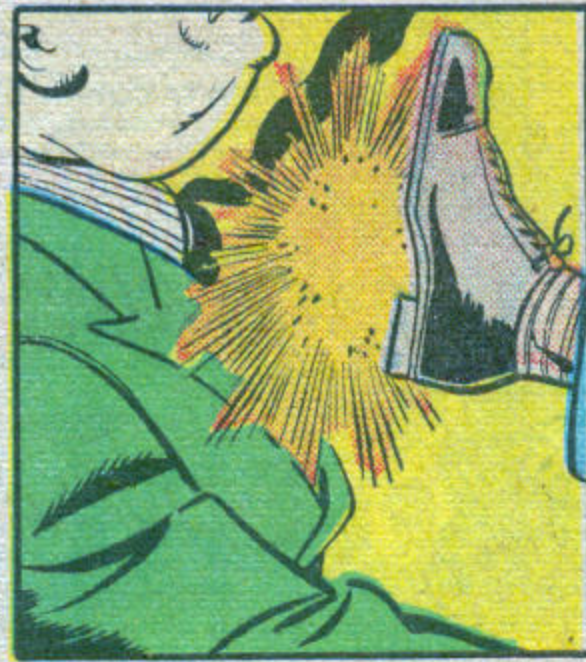
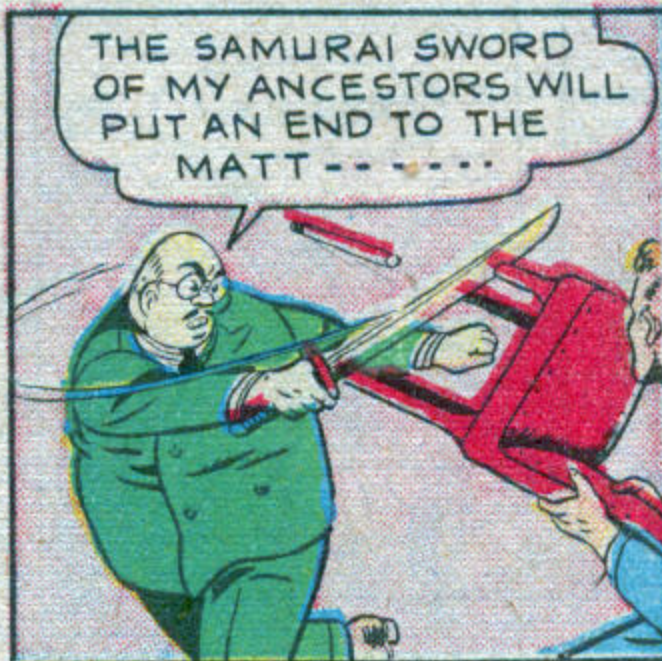
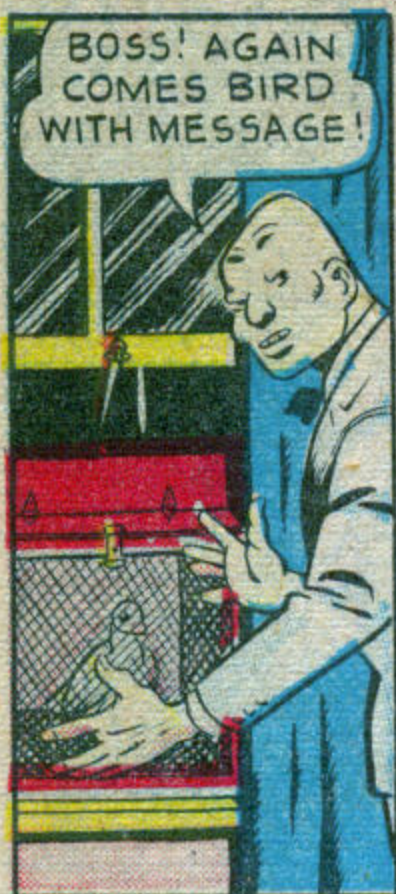
SO! YOU GO TO SEE BOSS! PROCEED... SUDDEN!



WORKS FOR THE PORT AUTHORITY! THERE, WE HAVE IT! THESE POOR ADDICTS WILL GIVE ANYTHING FOR A PINCH OF THE STUFF... HE'S BUYING IT WITH SHIPPING NEWS...



YEAH... I SORT OF HAD THE SAME IDEA...

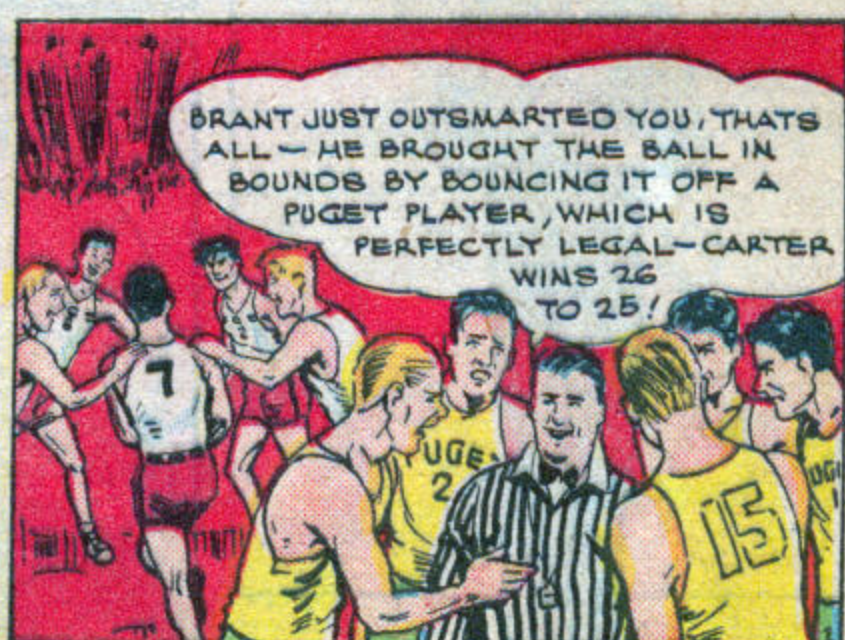
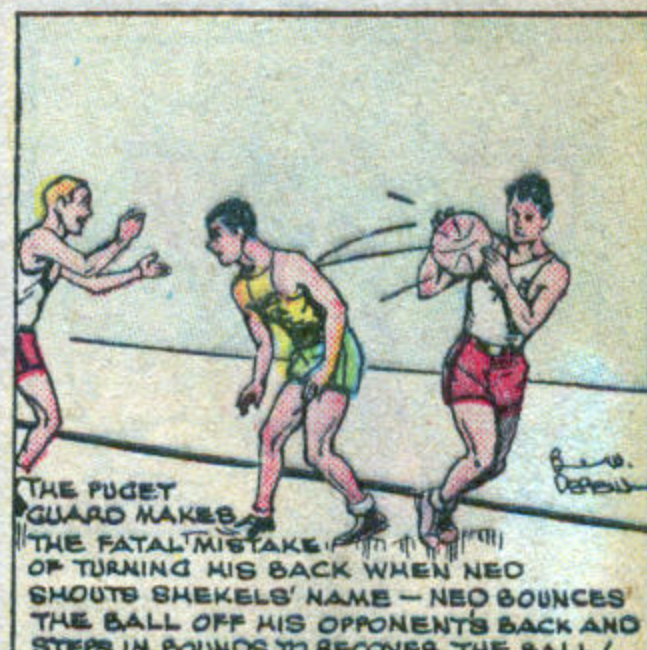
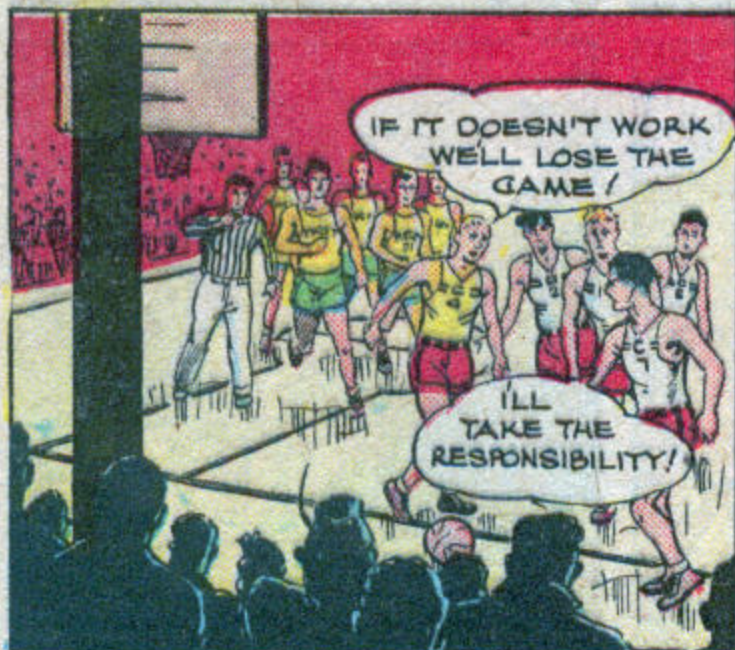


Pen Miller combines the best in both humor and adventure.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEFEW

IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE PEP MEETING, GAIL

WELL PUT THE Conference Basketball Championship on ICE!

WELL FIX UP A FEW MORE WINDOWS ON THE WAY

REFRIGERATORS · ICE MACH

K·MUSIC

WE'LL PILE UP THE SCORE ON CALUMET

HOW ABOUT 'DON'T LET THOSE HAMS BRING HOME THE BACON'?

I THINK I HAVE A BETTER ONE

Meats & D

WE'LL STEAK EVERYTHING ON OUR TEAM!

Butter Eggs Poultry Fish

LOOK! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IT'S CALUMET STUDENTS TRYING TO BREAK UP OUR PEP MEETING—COME ON!

WE CALUMET STUDENTS WILL NOW TAKE OVER THE PEP MEETING—MAY I HAVE SOME WATER BEFORE I BEGIN?

BOYS, HE'S ASKING FOR WATER!

AND IT'S WATER HE WILL GET—BUT PLENTY!

FIRE HOSE

WHAT? LEAVING SO SOON, BOYS?

DON'T RUSH AWAY—WE WERE JUST GOING TO PUT ON THE COFFEE POT!

WHAT'S THE WEATHER REPORT, PAL?

HEAVY RAIN IN CENTRAL PORTION!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

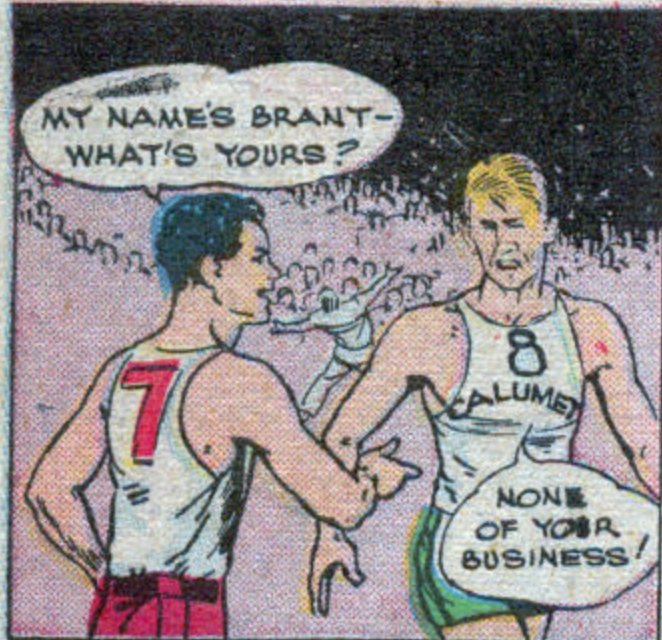


MEN, THEY ARE SAYING IT WILL BE A BIG UPSET IF WE WIN FROM CALUMET—I DON'T THINK SO—THEY CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE MEN OUT THERE AT ONE TIME THAN WE CAN—YOU KNOW AS MUCH BASKETBALL AS THEY DO—AND YOU'RE JUST AS SMART—MAYBE A LITTLE SMARTER—LET'S GO!



HERE COME BOTH TEAMS!

THOSE CALUMET PLAYERS ARE MUCH TALLER—AND HEIGHT CERTAINLY HELPS IN BASKETBALL!



MY NAME'S BRANT—WHAT'S YOURS?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!



SOCIABLE GENT, AREN'T YOU?

THIS IS A CHAMPIONSHIP GAME, NOT AN AFTERNOON TEA!



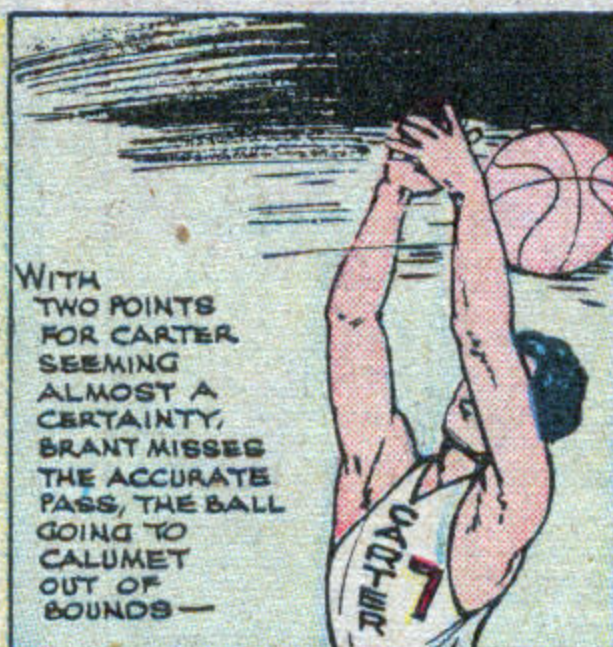
THERE'S THE WHISTLE—THEY'RE PLAYING!

I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT CARTER IS GOING TO BE UNLUCKY IN THIS GAME!

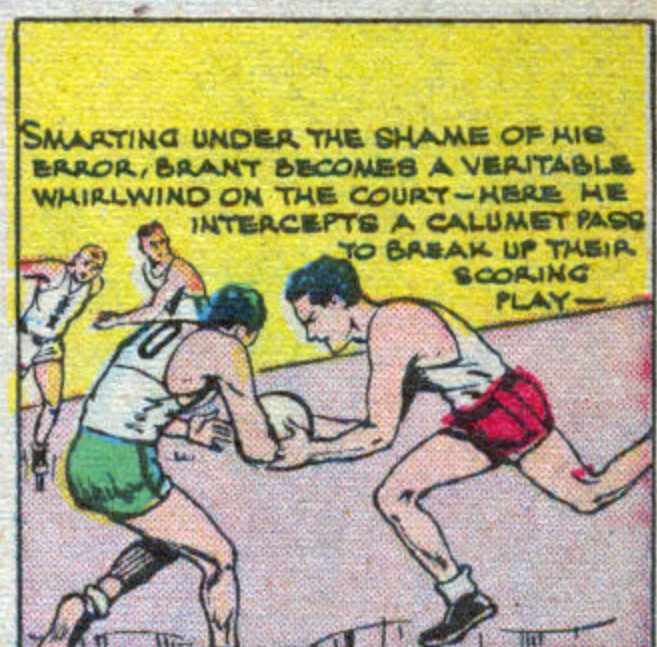


BALL!

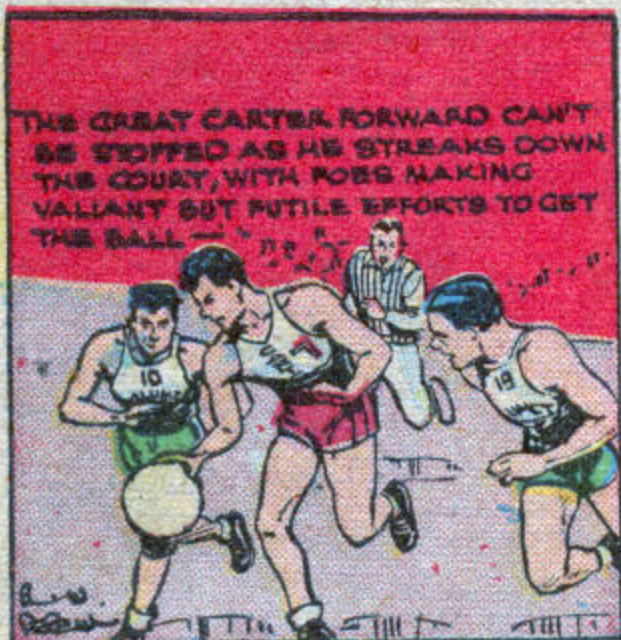
IN A FLASH NED BRANT WORKS HIS WAY UNDER THE CARTER BASKET—



WITH TWO POINTS FOR CARTER SEEMING ALMOST A CERTAINTY, BRANT MISSES THE ACCURATE PASS, THE BALL GOING TO CALUMET OUT OF BOUNDS—



SMARTING UNDER THE SHAME OF HIS ERROR, BRANT BECOMES A VERITABLE WHIRLWIND ON THE COURT—HERE HE INTERCEPTS A CALUMET PASS TO BREAK UP THEIR SCORING PLAY—



THE GREAT CARTER FORWARD CAN'T BE STOPPED AS HE STREAKS DOWN THE COURT, WITH BOES MAKING VALLANT BUT FUTILE EFFORTS TO GET THE BALL—



DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED?

THE BASKETBALL WENT FLAT JUST AS NED WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT!



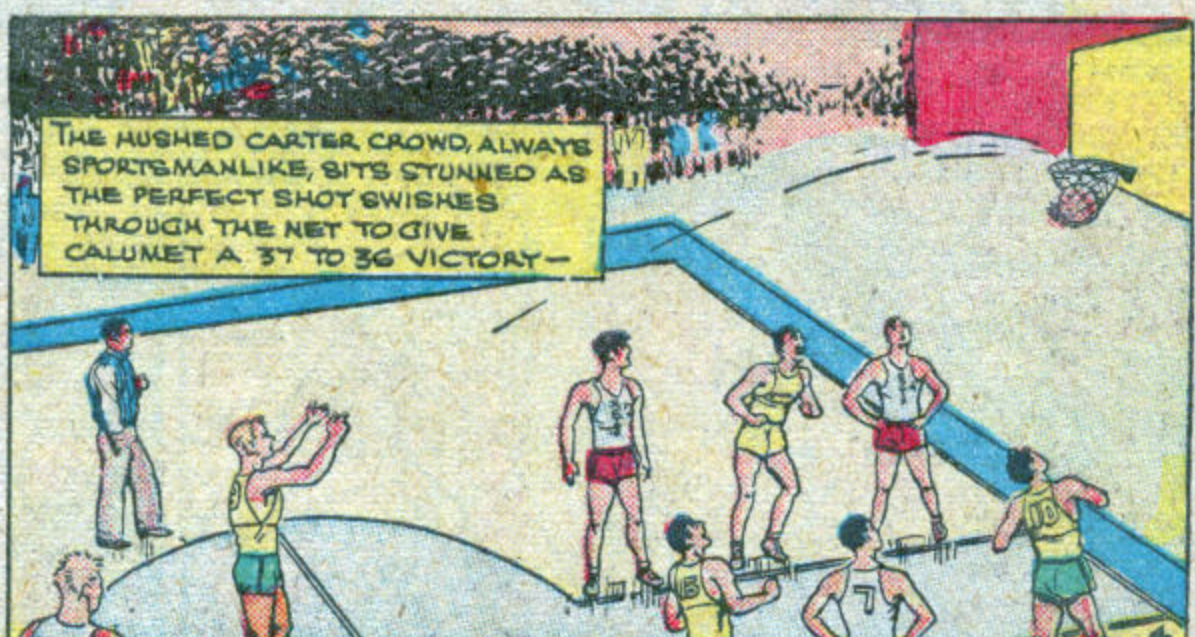
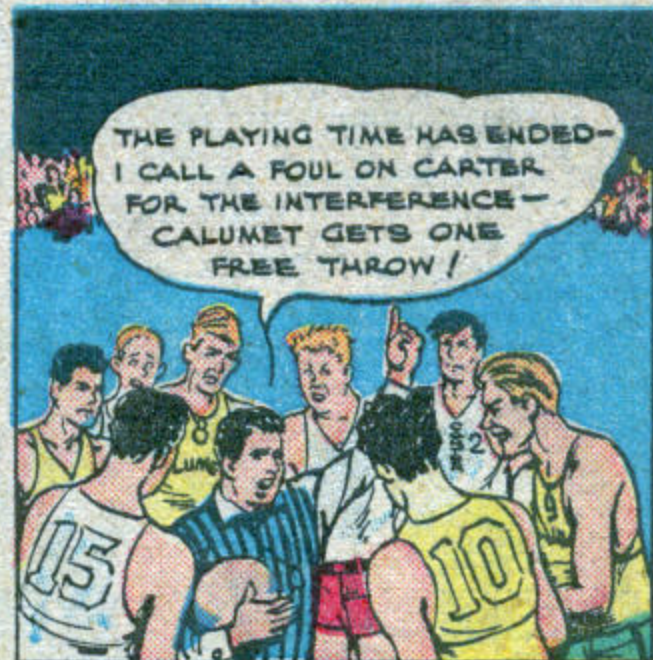
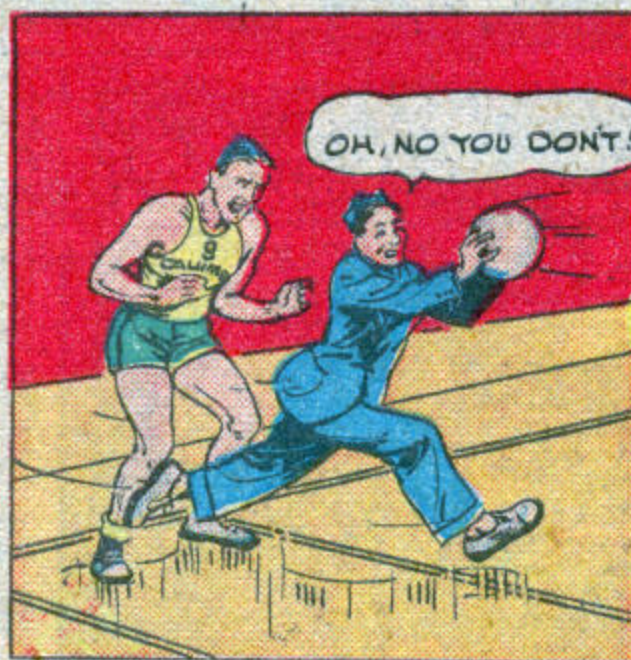
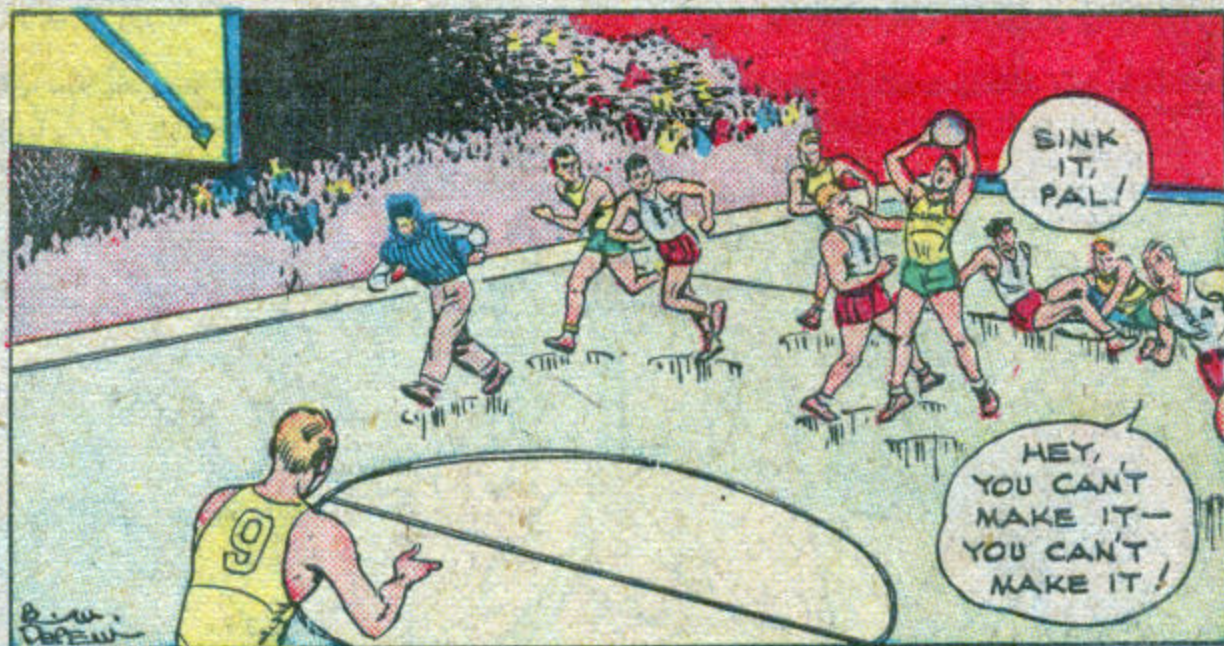
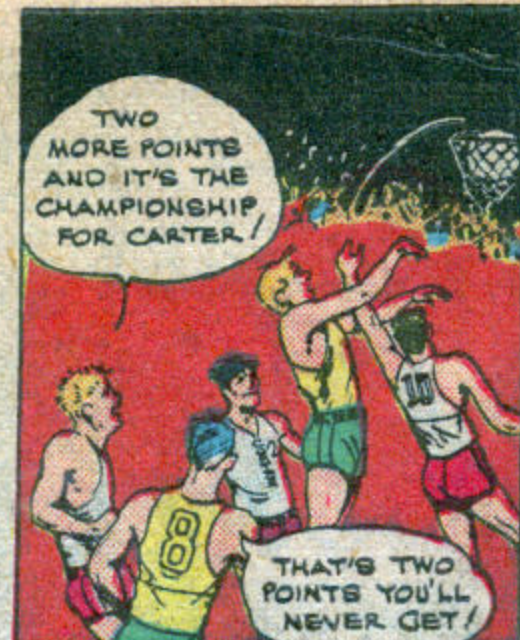
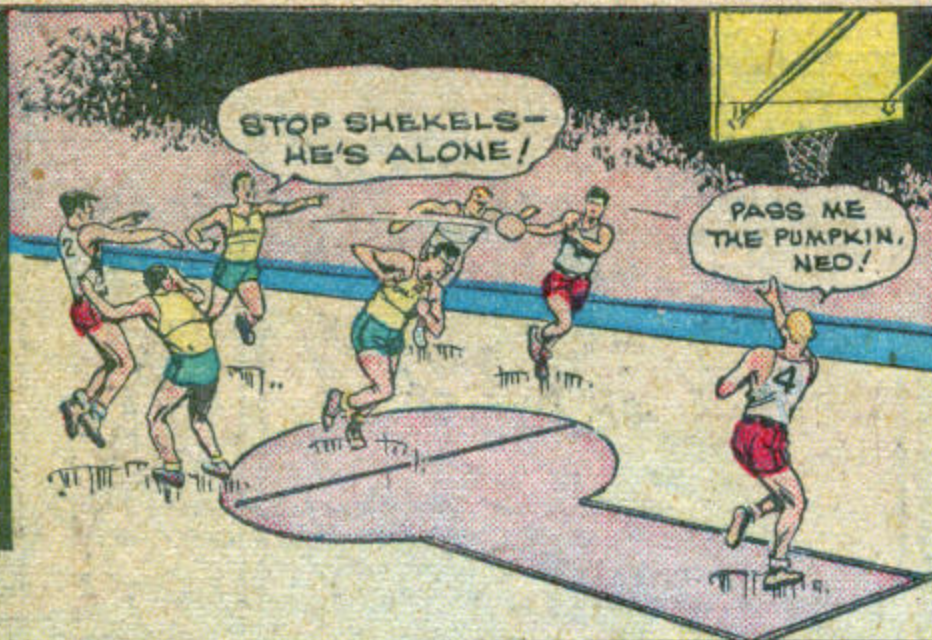
ISN'T NED ENTITLED TO A FREE THROW OR SOMETHING?

BEST I CAN DO IS TO GIVE THE BALL TO CARTER OUT OF BOUNDS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW



Ned Brant is continued in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

Molly the Model

Y'MEAN I GOTTA WEAR **THIS** THING TO THAT MASK BALL?

OF COURSE, POP— THAT'S **CLASS!**

AND SHE **WOULD** LEAVE ME WITHOUT A BIT OF CHANGE TO HIRE A CAB!

BUT MAMA WHAT **IS** IT?

WELL, I'VE GONE TO TOO MUCH TROUBLE TO BACK OUT NOW!



A LITTLE REFRESHMENT MAY GIVE ME COURAGE TO WALK THE NEXT FEW BLOCKS!

NO LADIES AT THE BAR— TAKE A TABLE PLEASE!

DON'T TRY T'BE SO FUNNY— FALSE FACE!

ARREST THAT MAN— HE **HAS** TO SERVE ME, A TAXPAYER! I KNOW MY RIGHTS!

LISSEN BUD— 'CAUSE YA HAD TOO MUCH AN' WANNA PUT ON LADIES HATS.



WOW! HO! HO! WILL YA LOOKIT WHAT SNEAKED OUTTA THE WACKY HATCH WHEN THEY OPENED THE WINDOW!

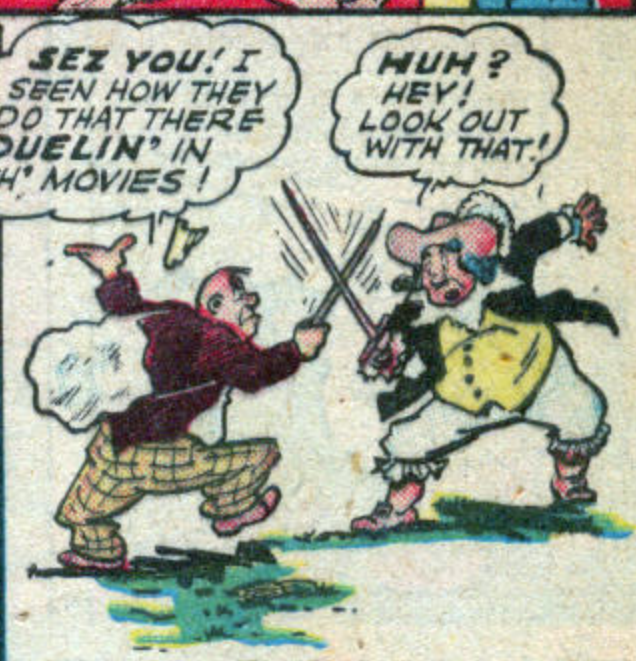
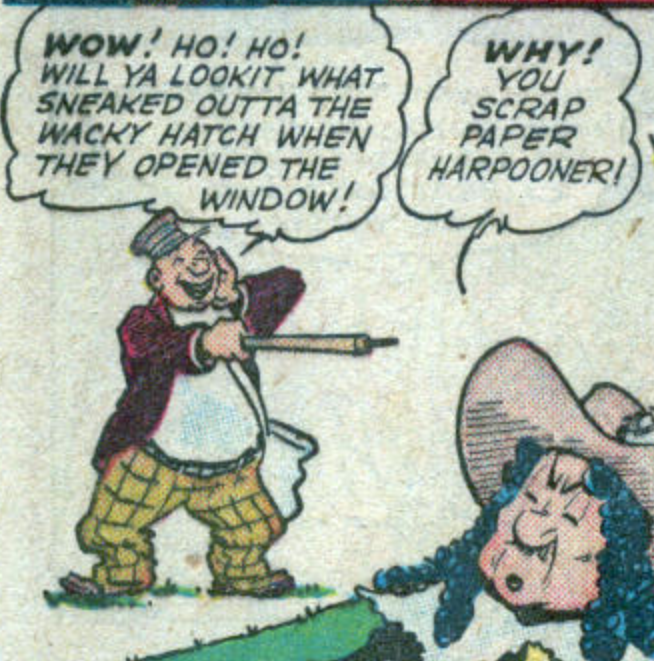
WHY! YOU SCRAP PAPER HARPOONER!

PUT BACK THAT **SWORD!** Y'FAT LORD FAUNTLEROY!

I'M GONNA CARVE YOU UP LIKE A POT ROAST!

SEZ YOU! I SEEN HOW THEY DO THAT THERE **DUELIN'** IN TH' MOVIES!

HUH? HEY! LOOK OUT WITH THAT!



YES— FATHER'S ATTENDING THE EXCLUSIVE BEAUX ARTIST'S BALL TONIGHT!

INDEED !!

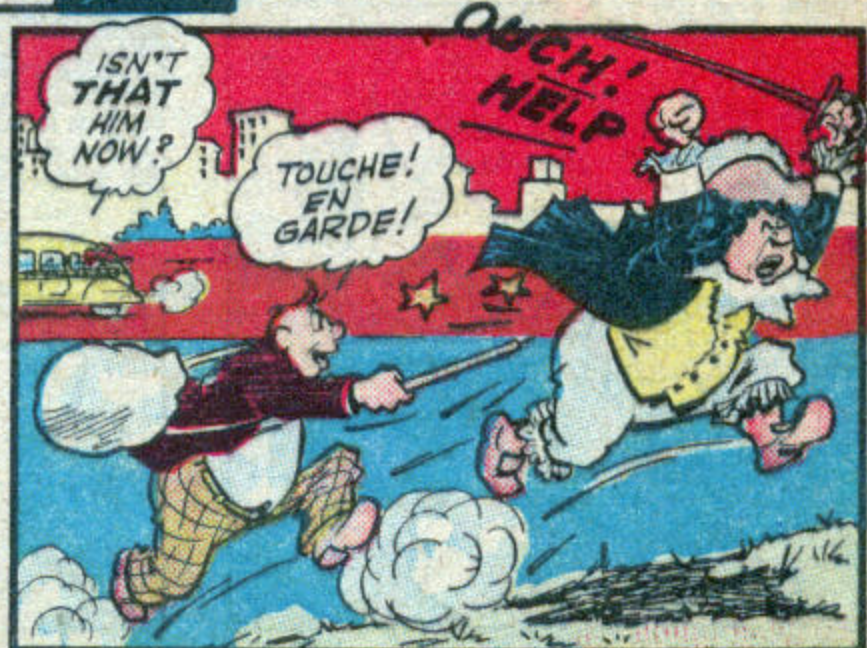
YOU SHOULD SEE HIM NOW— HE MIXES IN REAL SOCIETY!

I BELIEVE I DO!

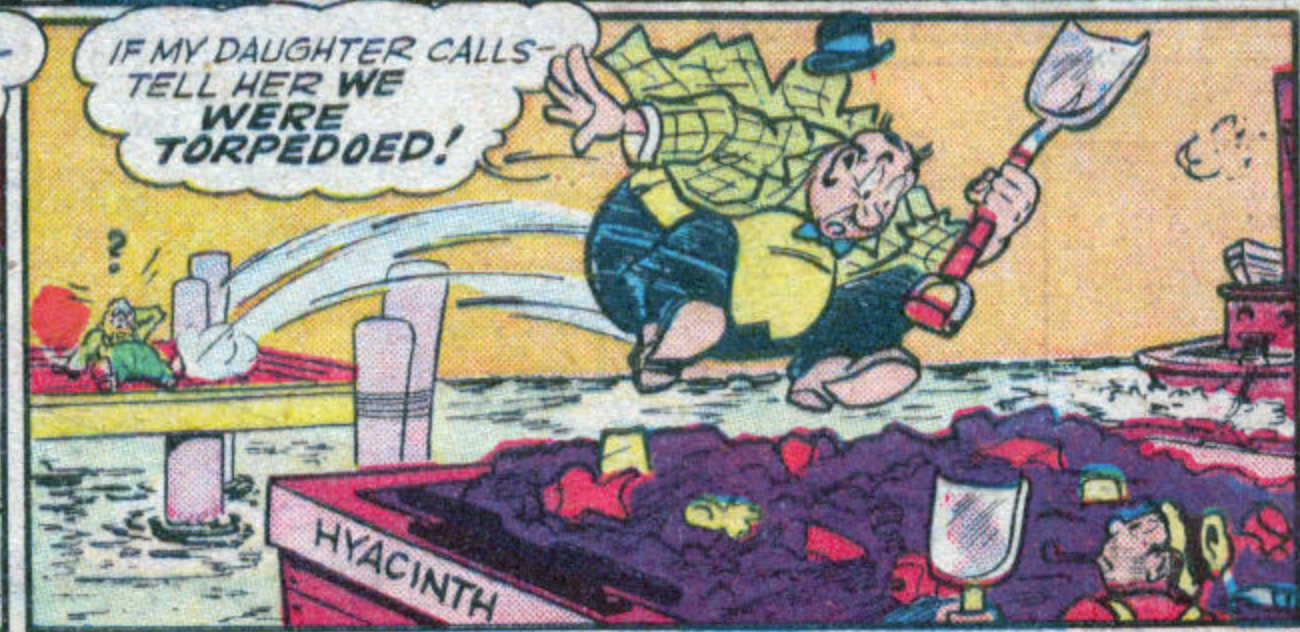
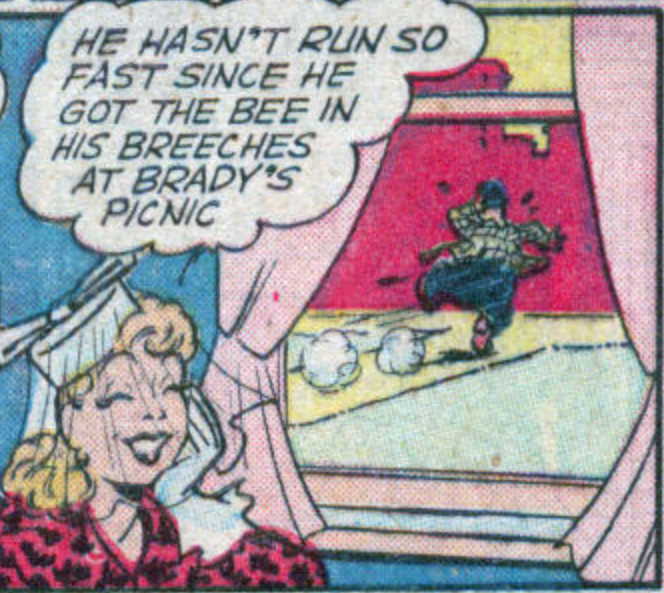
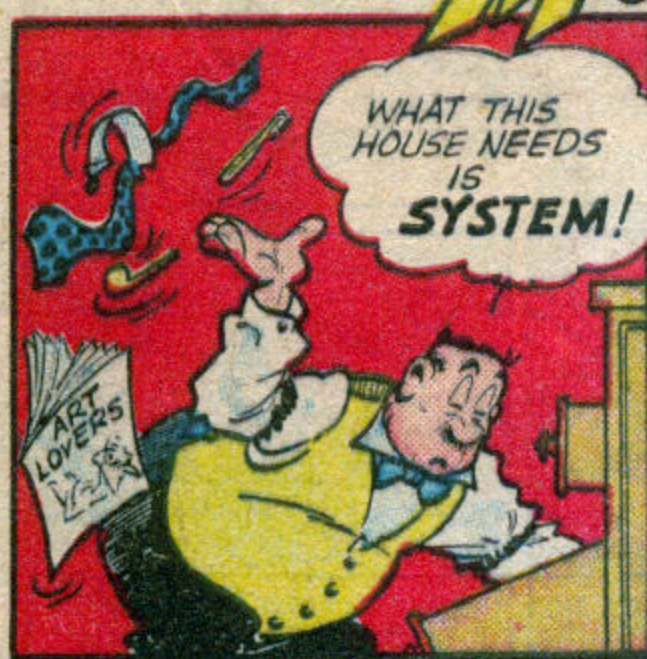
ISN'T THAT HIM NOW?

TOUCHE! EN GARDE!

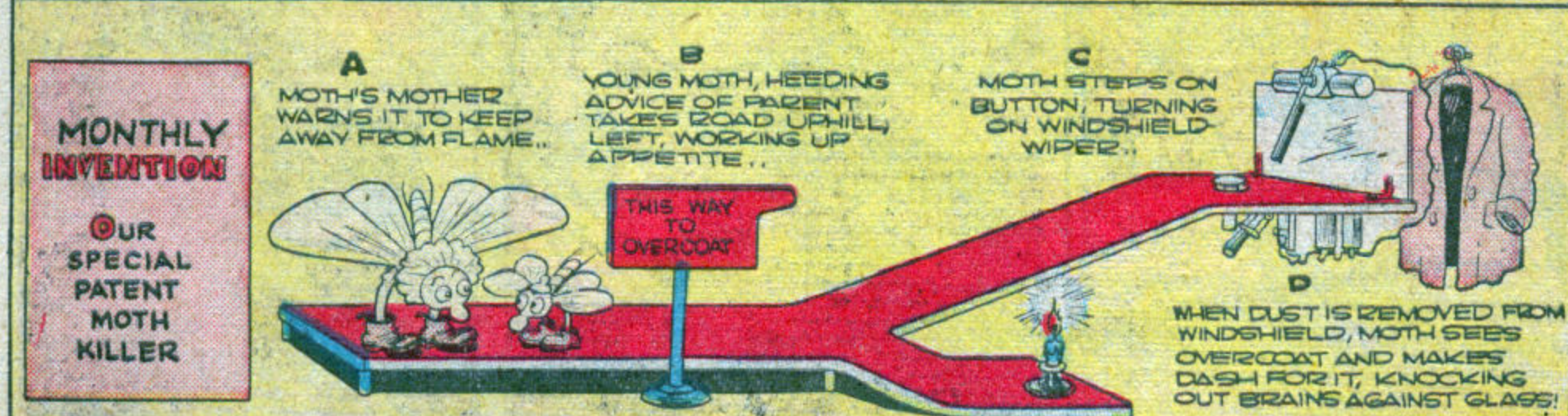
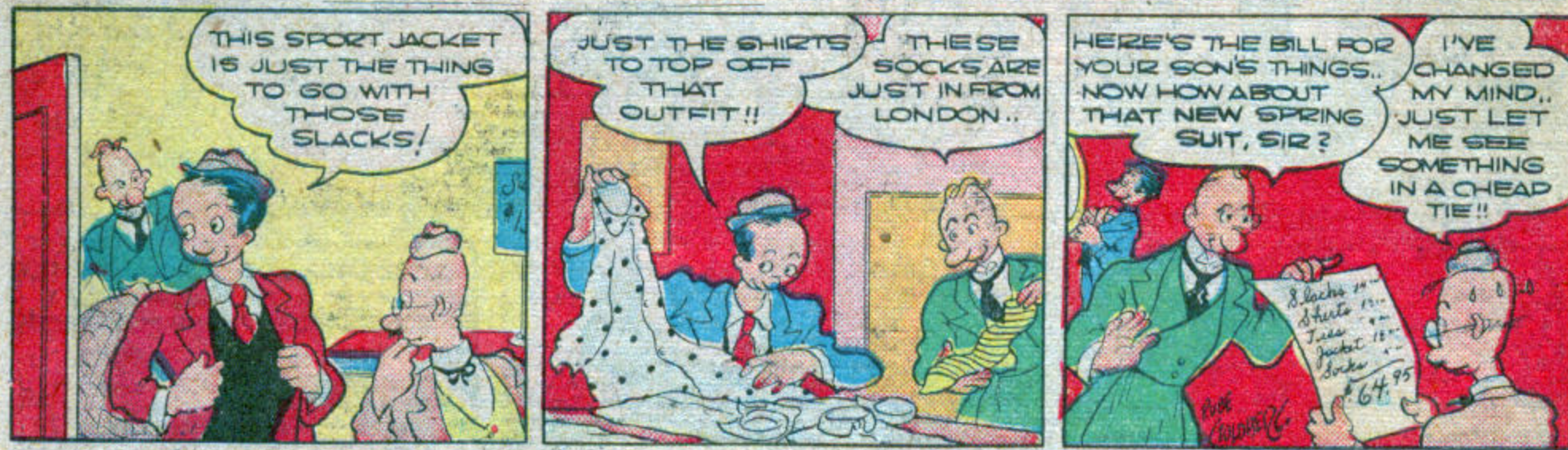
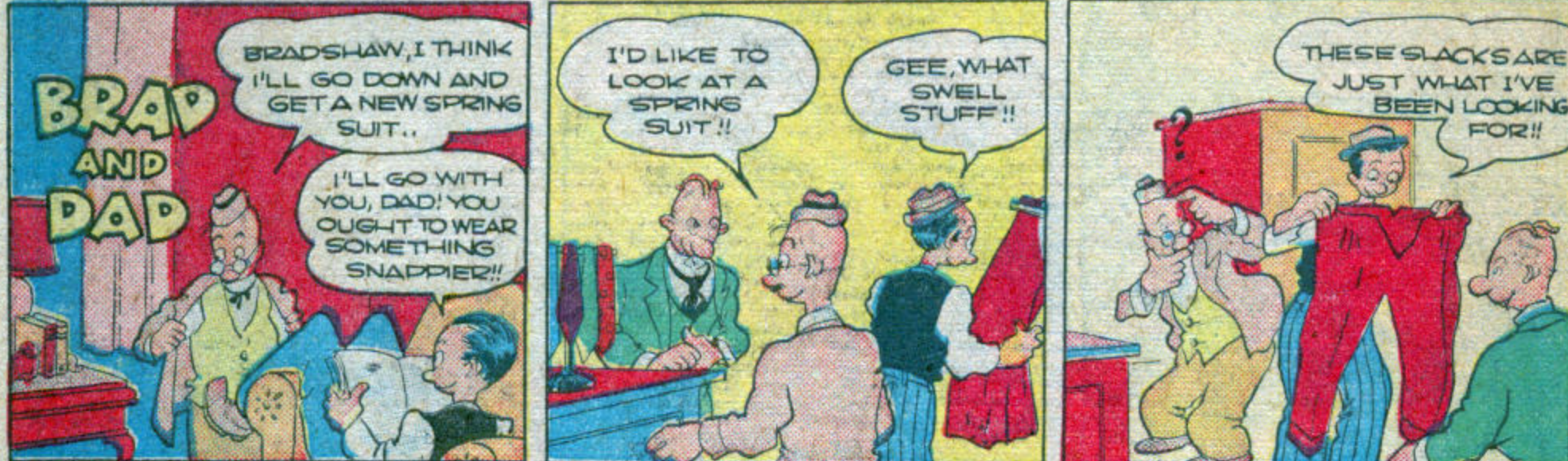
OUCH! HELP!

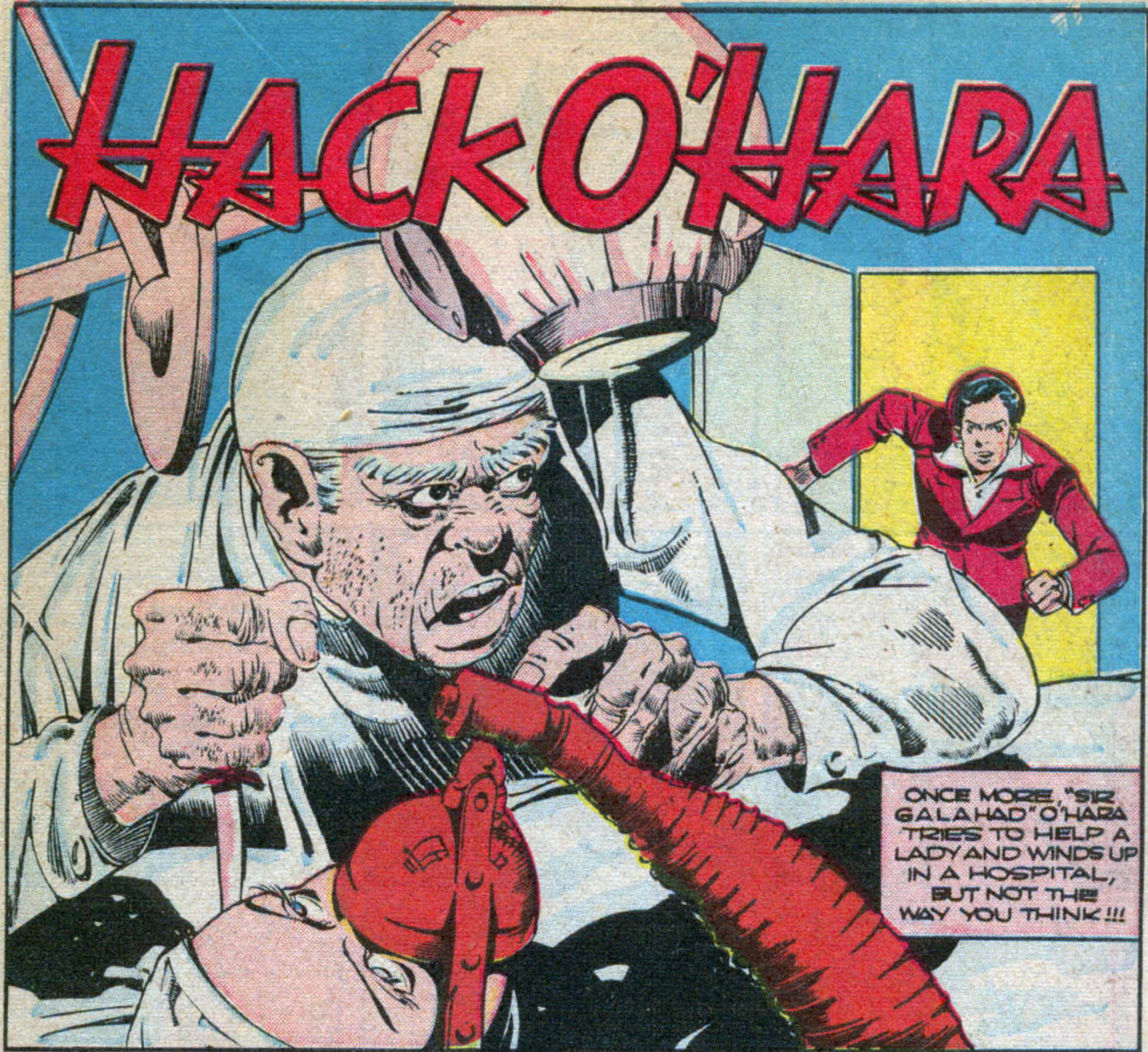


Molly the Model



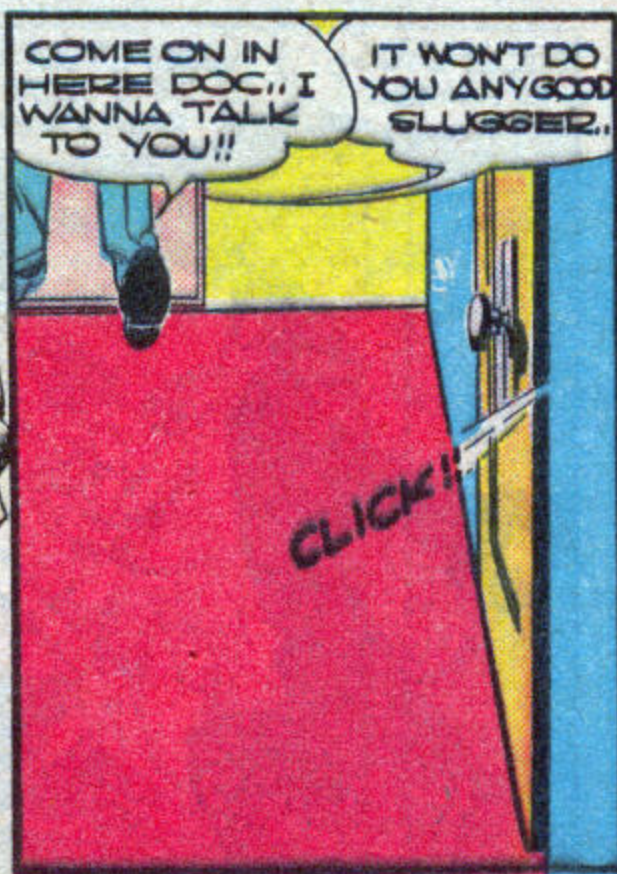
Enjoy Molly The Model each and every month in CRACK COMICS.





ONCE MORE, "SIR GALAHAD" O'HARA TRIES TO HELP A LADY AND WINDS UP IN A HOSPITAL, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK !!!







IT'S MY DUTY TO OPERATE
AND SAVE HIS LIFE...
I CAN'T BE A PARTY TO
MURDER...



THREE TREMBLING FIGURES
LISTEN INSIDE THE CLOSET...

WELL, THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING FOR ME
TO DO.... PLUG
YOU, TOO...

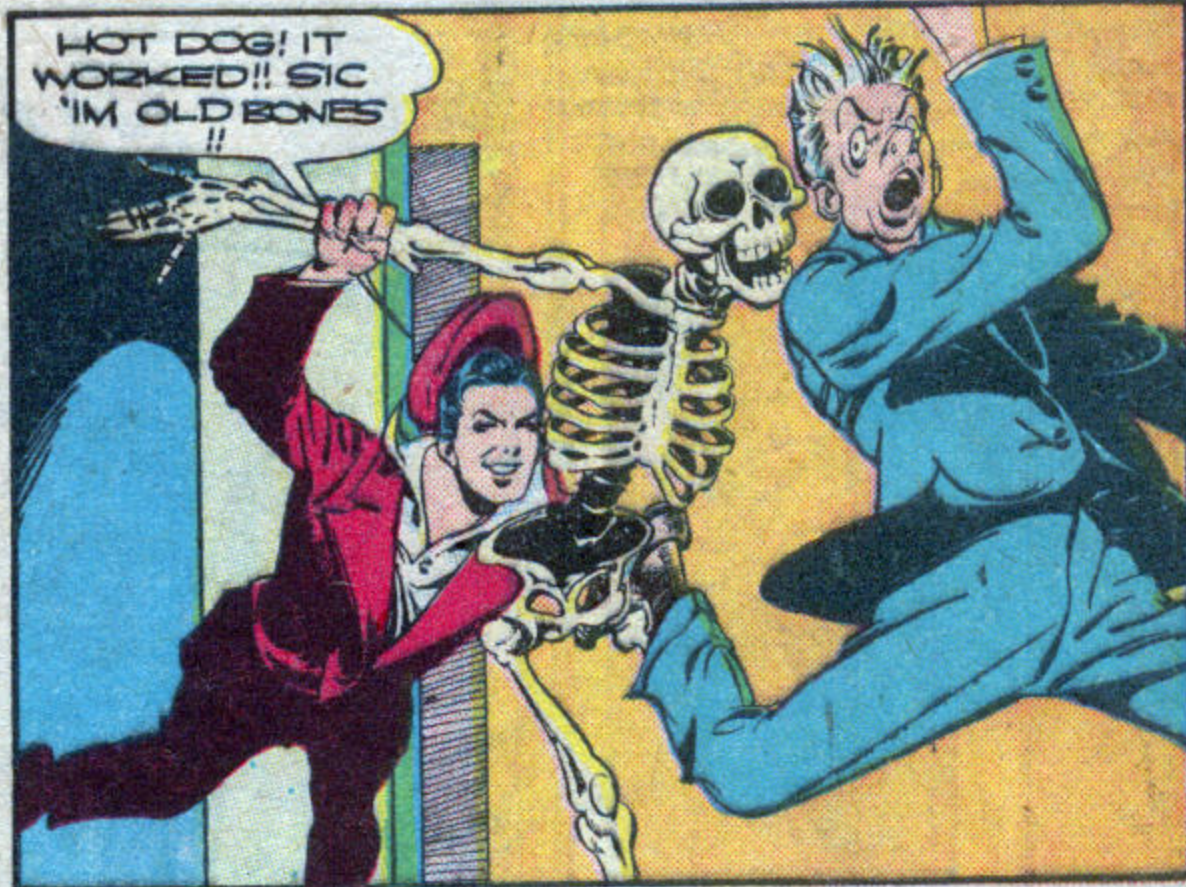


JUST THEN...

DROP THAT
GUN!!



IT TALKED!!
TH...TH...
SKELETON!!



HOT DOG! IT
WORKED!! SIC
'IM OLD BONES
!!



BUT WHEN THE CROOK
SEES HACK, HE WHIRLS...



AND A
BOTTLE
IS
THROWN
FROM THE
SHELF...



HACK REELS DIZZILY,
DAZED BY ETHER
FUMES...



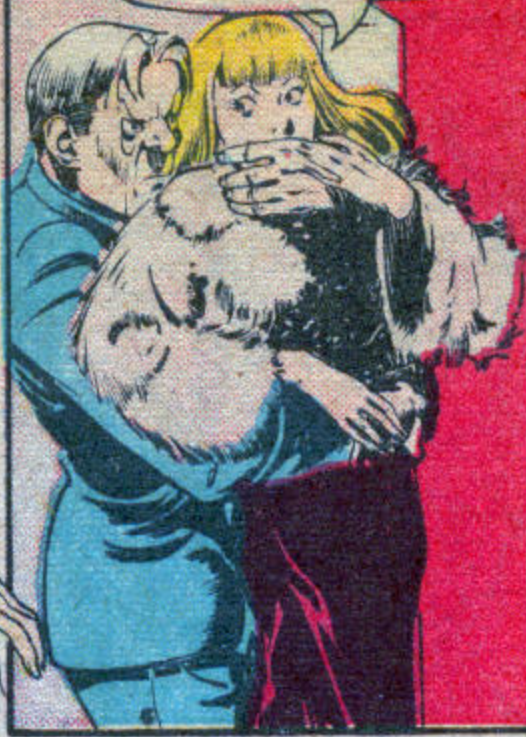
A GIRL HERE, TOO
"COME WITH ME,
SISTER..."

HACK PICKS UP THE FALLENGUN

HEY!! COME BACK
HERE YOU..



YOU'LL HAVE TO
SHOOT ME, THROUGH
HER..



HACK IS FORCED TO LET
HIM ESCAPE...

BUT HE CAN'T
GO FAR.. WE'LL
SEARCH THE
HOSPITAL..



NOT HERE,
THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE LEFT...
THE OPERATING
ROOM..



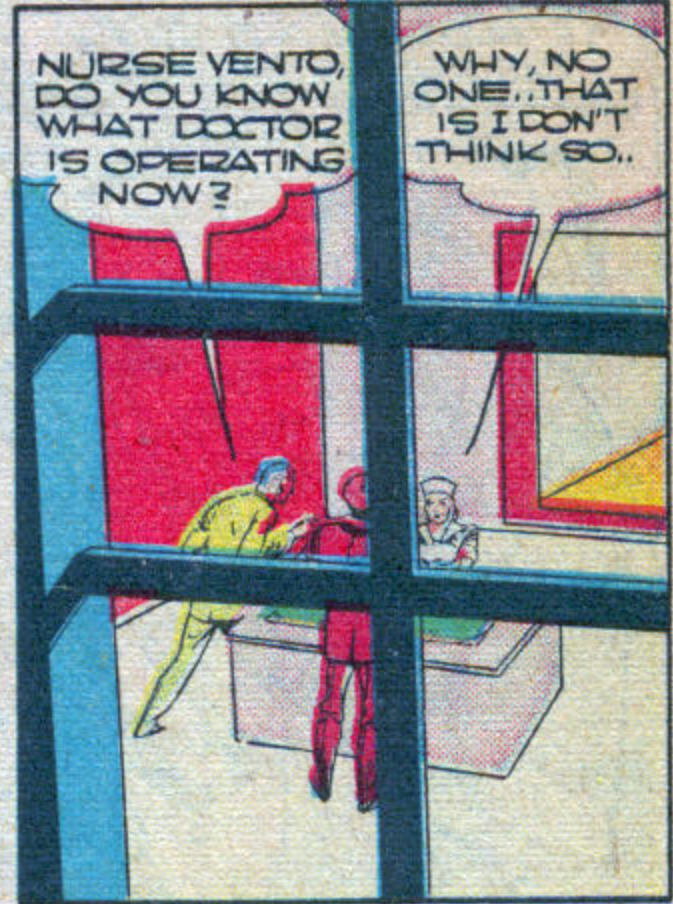
BUT AN OPERATION
IS GOING ON...
WE CAN'T GO IN
NOW... THE
PATIENT...

ARE YOU
SURE...



NURSE VENTO,
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT DOCTOR
IS OPERATING
NOW?

WHY, NO
ONE.. THAT
IS I DON'T
THINK SO..



WE'VE GOT TO RISK
IT.....

CAREFUL..IT
COULD MEAN
DEATH TO A
PATIENT..



"SLUGGER", THE SURGEON..

KEEP STILL, NURSES..
ACT LIKE I WUZ A DOC-
TOR.. OR ELSE.....



I HEAR YOU GUYS BEHIND
ME!! ONE MORE STEP
AND I'LL SINK THIS
KNIFE IN YOUR GIRL-
FRIEND'S HEAD!!



HACK MAKES A DESPERATE FLYING LEAP....



AND SENDS THE OPERATING TABLE FLYING FROM UNDER THE CROOK'S NOSE...



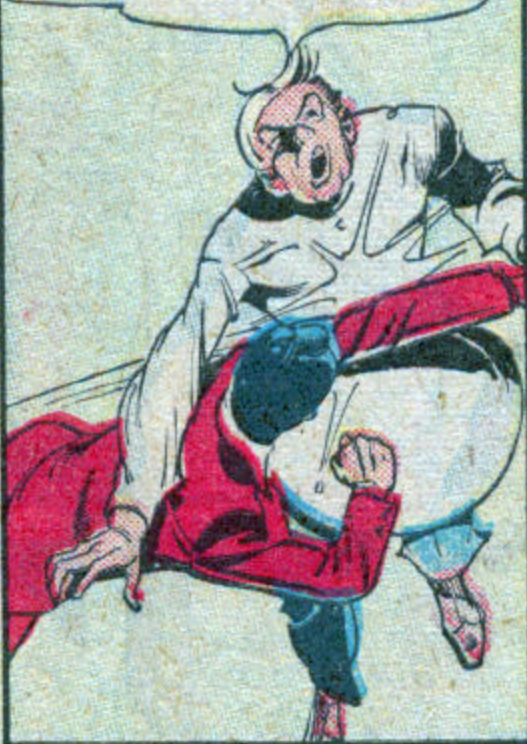
TAKE A DEEP BREATH OF THIS SLEEPING POWDER !!!



BUT SLUGGER COMES UP FOR MORE!!



NOW, I'M NOT GOING! BUT I MADE A RESERVATION FOR YOU !!!

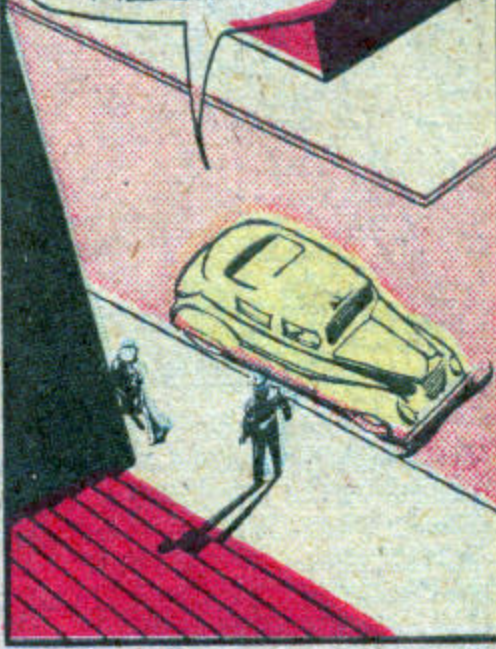


O.K., MISS, IT'S ALMOST TWELVE... SHALL WE GO?



MEANWHILE, THE SLEEPY ESCORT HAS AWAKENED

OFFICER!! THAT CABBY STOLE MY GIRL.. HE KIDNAPPED HER.....



BUT JUST THEN HACK COMES OUT....

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, COPPER... THE GIRL'S SAFE AND HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YA..



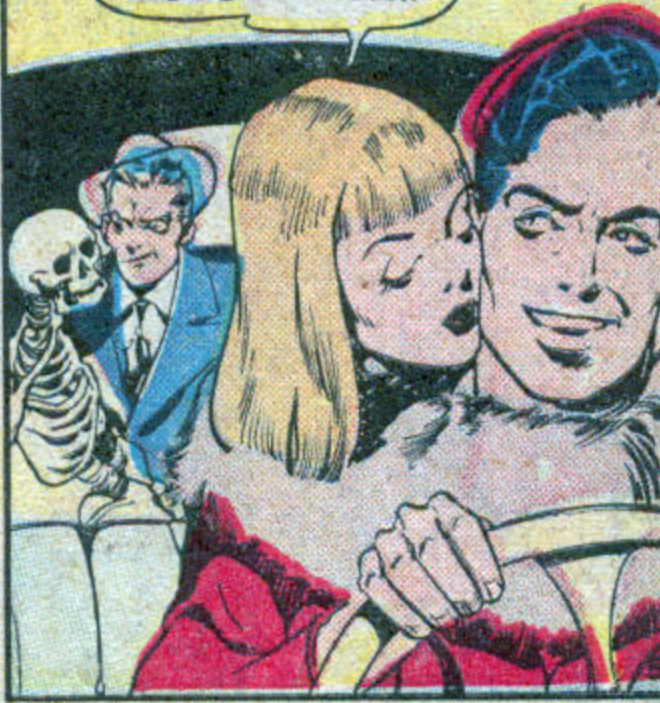
JUST BEFORE HACK RETURNS TO HIS CAB...

HEY!! YOU FORGOT SOMETHING!!



AND EVERYBODY GET'S THEIR JUST REWARD..

YOU WERE WONDERFUL!!



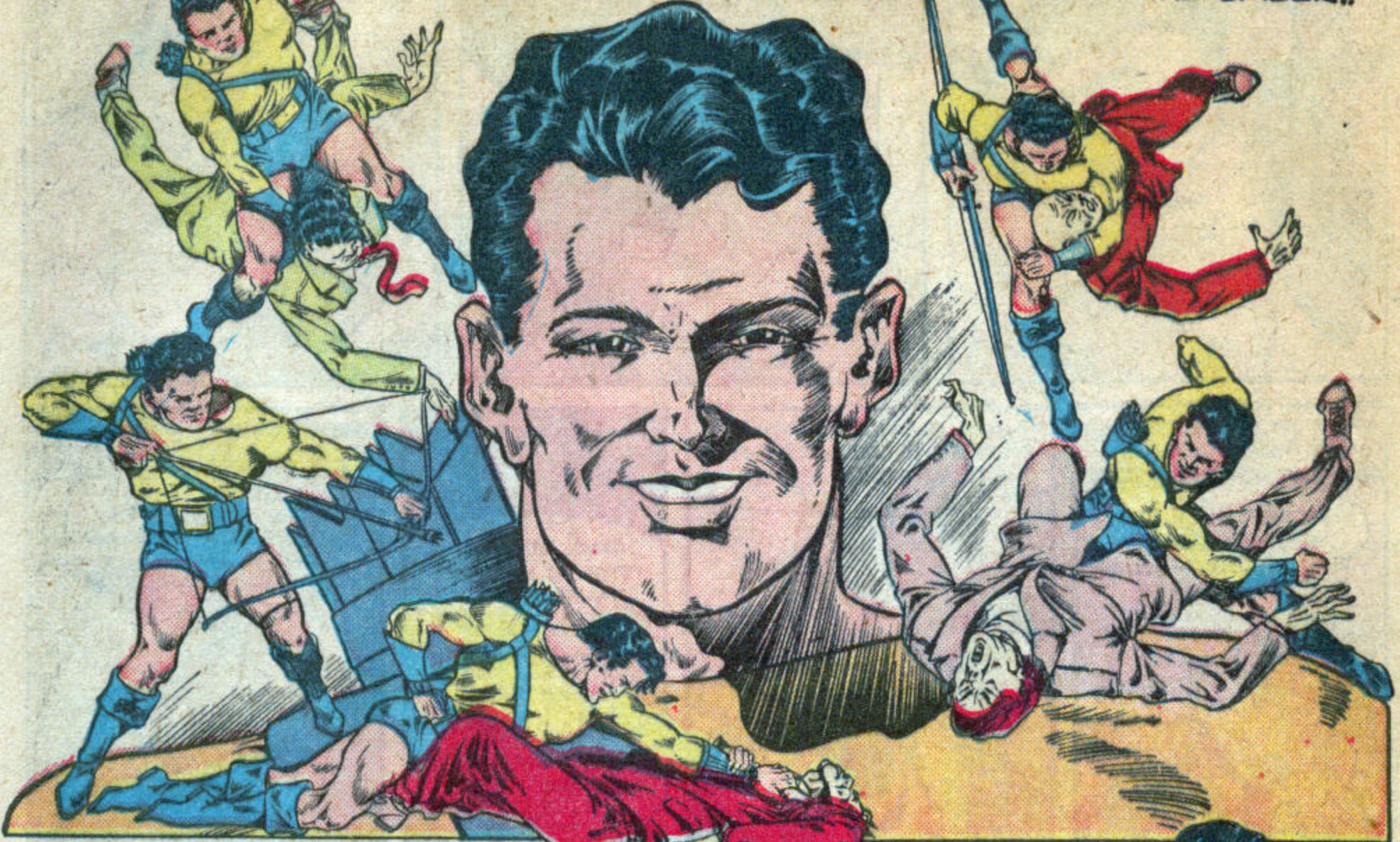
Another Hack O'Hara episode in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

**ALIAS
THE**

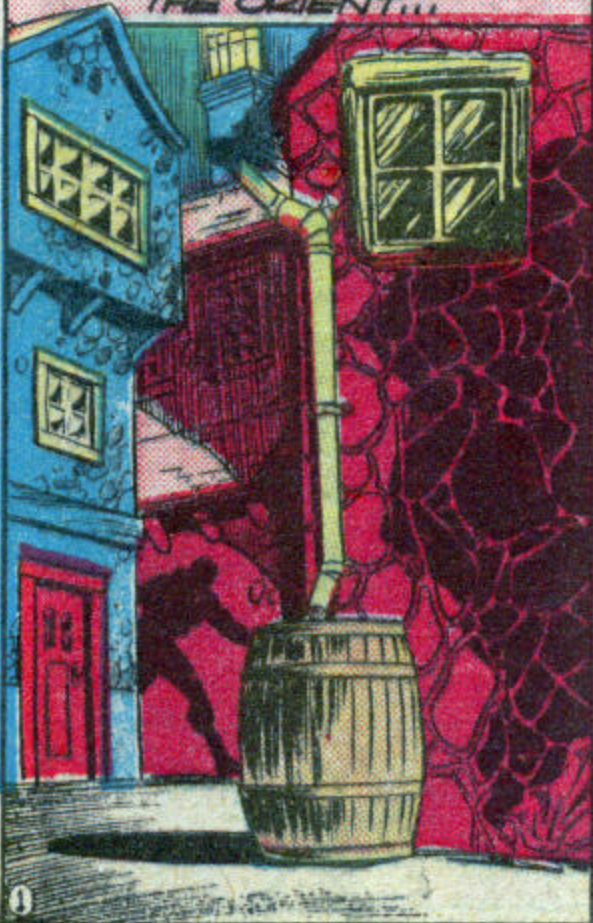
SPIDER

by Paul Gustavson

HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST
OF ALL GAME..CRIMINALS
BEYOND THE FAR-REACHING
ARM OF THE LAW..TOM
HALLAWAY..ALIAS
THE SPIDER!!



DARKNESS ENGULFS THE CITY
" SINISTER FIGURES CAST
EERIE SHADOWS IN ALLEYS,
WHOSE WALLS CONCEAL
MYSTERIES BEYOND THOSE OF
THE ORIENT..."



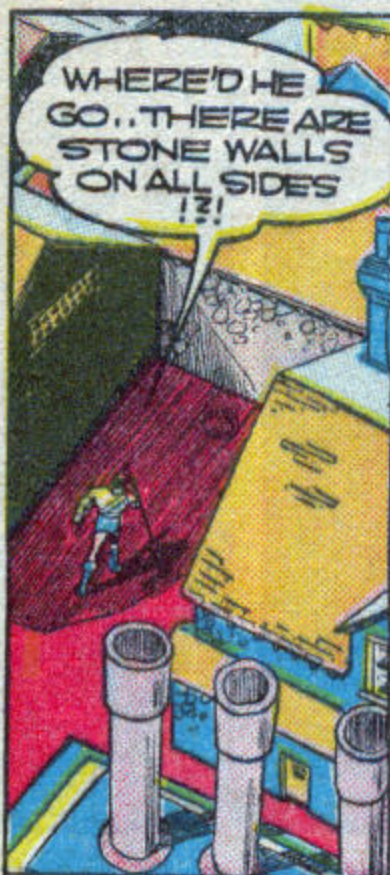
ONE FIGURE IN PARTICULAR..
A GRUESOME DEFORMED SHAPE
MOVES QUICKLY AND CAUTIOUSLY
... ALWAYS LOOKING BACK
OVER HIS SHOULDER...



MAYBE
I'M WRONG,
BUT I
THINK THAT
GUY WANTS
ME TO
FOLLOW
HIM!!



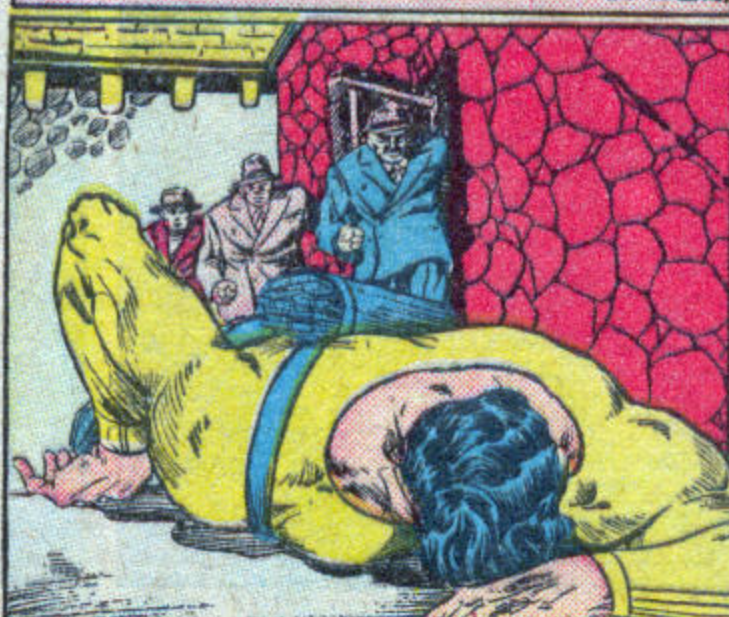
..TO SEE IF HIS FOLLOWER
IS STILL CLOSE BEHIND...
THAT UNFORGETTABLE FIGURE
OF ALIAS THE SPIDER..



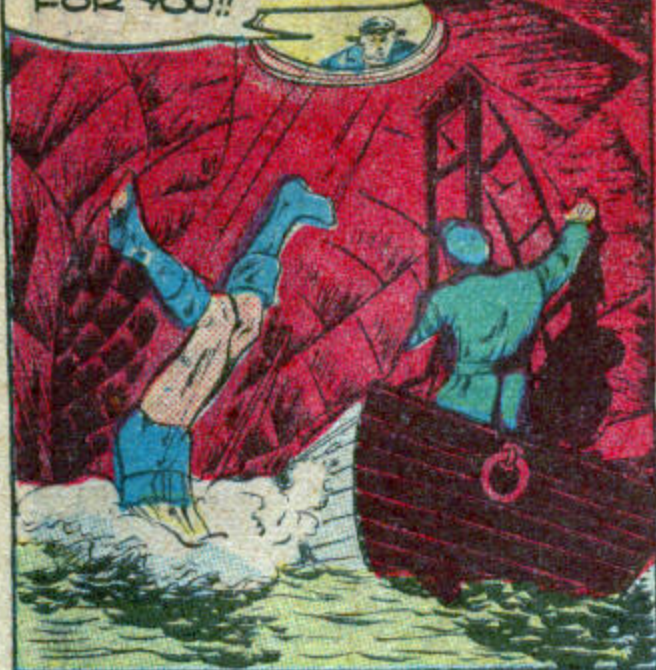
AND FROM BEHIND THE SURROUNDING STONE WALLS..



A MOMENT LATER, SECRET DOORS IN THE WALLS OPEN, AND SEVERAL JAPS RUSH TO THE LIMP FORM OF THE SPIDER.



HEH...HEH...HEH...WE DO AWAY WITH ANY POSSIBLE INTERFERENCE BEFORE WE START, MR. SPIDER! THIS ABANDONED SEWER WILL SERVE AS A GOOD GRAVE FOR YOU!!



BUT NEARBY, ANOTHER FIGURE WATCHES THE MYSTERIOUS GOINGS ON... IT'S CHUCK, THE SPIDER'S FAITHFUL SERVANT!



TH' BUNCH OF BLOODY KILLERS... IF I HAD ME GOD I'D BLOW TH' BRAINS OUT OF EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM! DUMP ME BOSS'S BODY IN A SEWER... I'LL MOIDER 'EM!!



HEY... THEY'VE GONE DOWN TH' SEWER, TOO!



I GOTTA GET TO TH' BOSS'S BODY... MAYBE HE'S STILL ALIVE... THEN I'LL TAKE CARE O' THOSE RATS!!



GLUB... GLUB... NUTS... DIS WATER'S SO DOITY I CAN'T EVEN SEE ME NOSE!



UH... PUFF... PUFF... I GOTTA GO DOWN AGAIN AS SOON AS I GET ME BREATH!!

WHY?



TO GET ME BOSS... A BUNCH O' RATS BUMPED 'IM OFF AN' DUMPED 'IM IN HERE! HE'S DOWN TH' BOT'.... GULP!!



HOLY CATS... HIS GHOST! I SAW 'IM GET SHOT!!



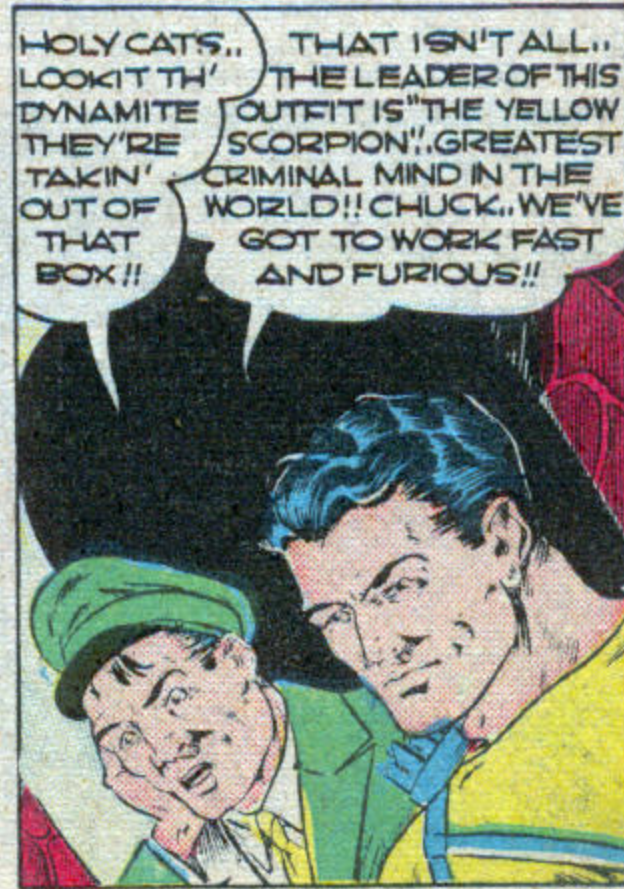
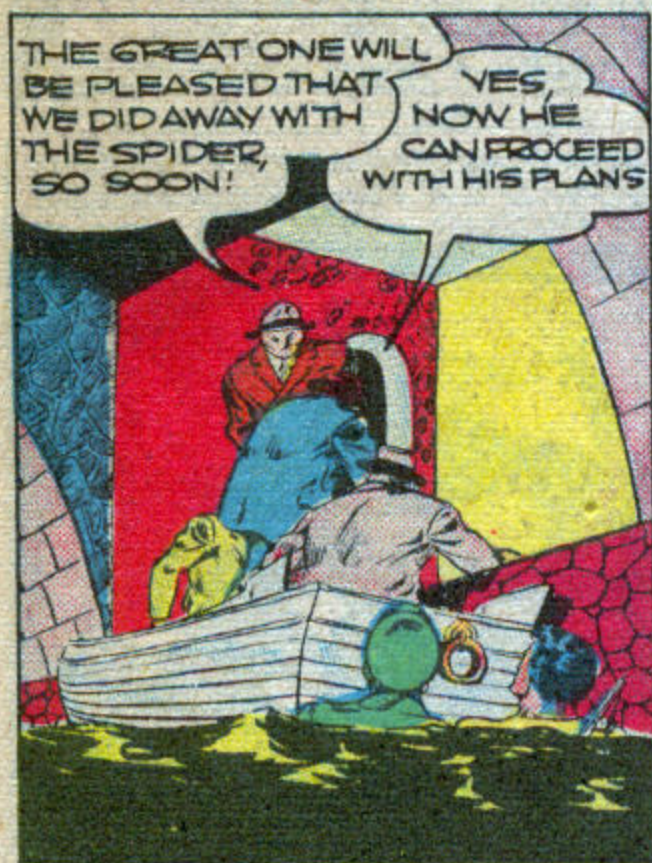
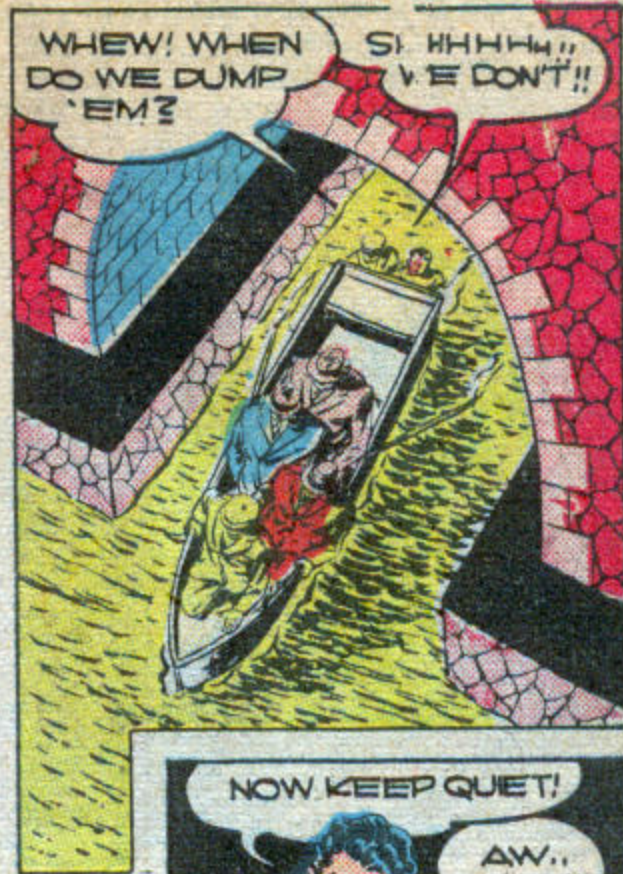
HA... HA! SORRY, CHUCK, I HAD A BULLET-PROOF SUIT MADE... THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH SHOOTING IN THE BACK, GOING ON SINCE THE WAR STARTED!



Y... YOU CRAZY GOON... WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' T'DO... SCARE TH' WITS OUTA A GUY! I OUGHTA BOP YOU...

HEY... KEEP QUIET!! DO YOU WANT THOSE JAPS TO HEAR YOU??





YOU HOLD 'EM OFF.. I'LL GO GET TH' COPS!!

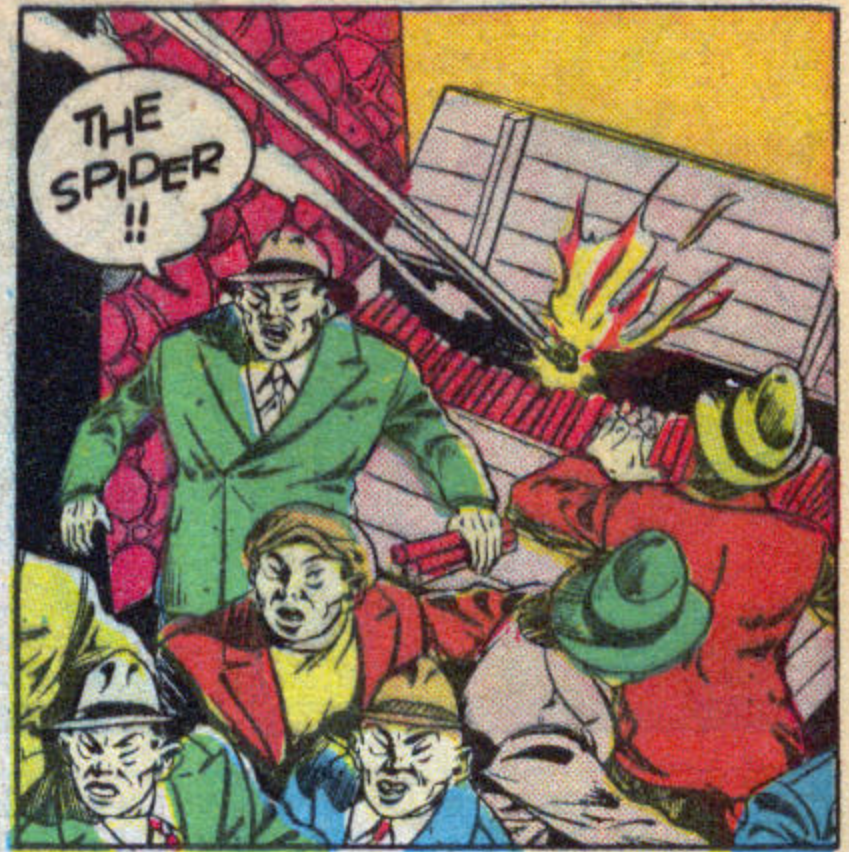
YOU WOULDN'T EVEN REACH A PHONE, BEFORE THESE RATS WOULD HAVE STRUCK..



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIGHT FIRE.. AND THAT'S WITH FIRE!!



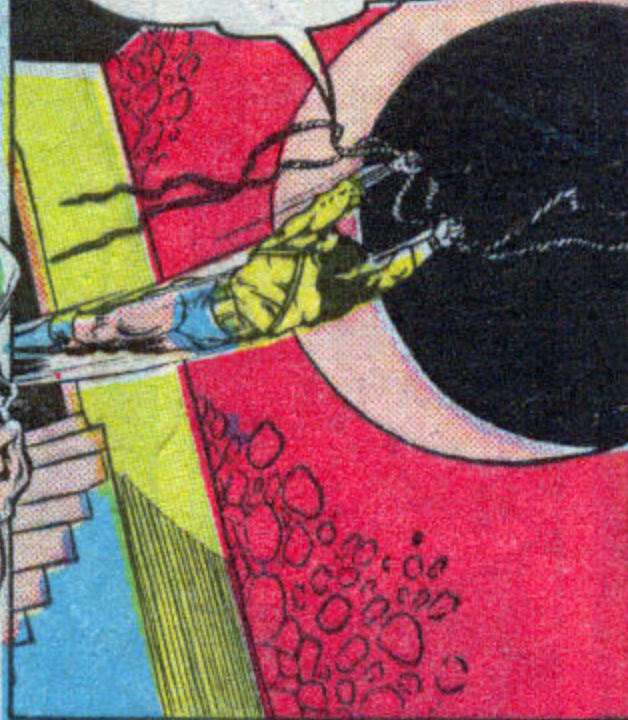
THE POWERFUL BOW-STRING SINGS OUT... AND A BLAZING ARROW OF THE SPIDER, FINDS IT'S MARK IN THE OPEN BOX OF DYNAMITE



HOLY CATS... ARE YOU CRAZY!! YOU'LL BLOW US ALL TO BITS!!



I TOLD YOU WE'D HAVE TO WORK FAST AND FURIOUS!!



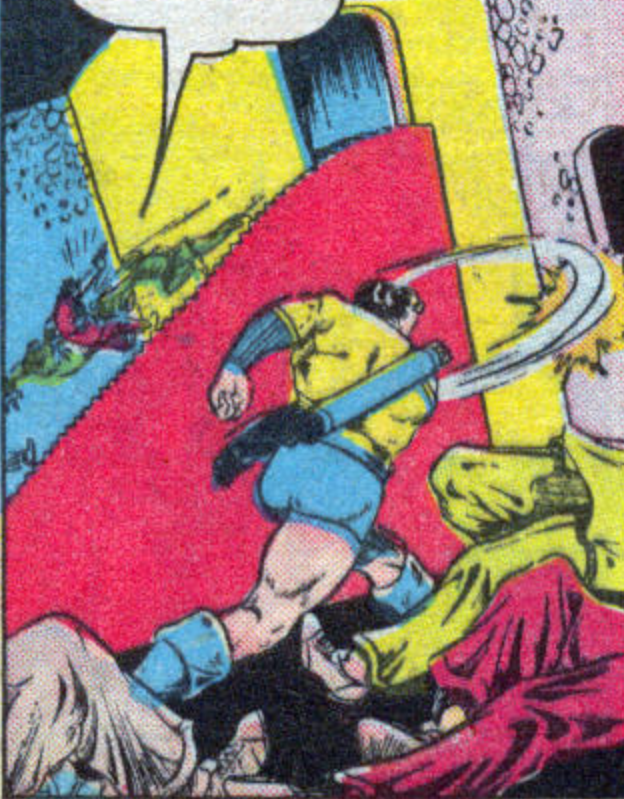
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, THE SPIDER, SWINGS DOWN AMID THE PANIC-STRICKEN, AND CONFUSED JAPS....



AND FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, CHUCK..CHARGING LIKE A HERD OF ELEPHANTS...

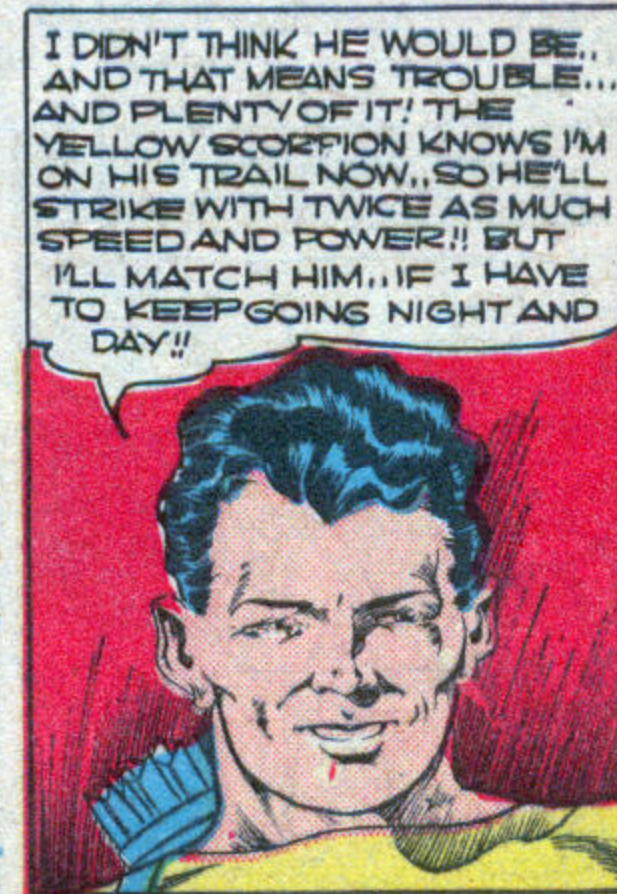


YOU GUYS AIN'T GOIN' NO PLACE!!



HIT THE WATER..YOU YELLOW RATS..YOU NEED A CLEANING UP!!





Watch for the next daring adventure of Alias The Spider.

SNAPPY

WOW!
YOU MEAN I
CAN GO WITH
YOU TODAY?

by
ARTHUR BEEMAN

THIS IS OPEN-HOUSE
WEEK AND WE
CAN BRING
VISITORS

GEE SIS,
I SURE
APPRECIATE
THIS -



Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

T



R

THE MAGIC MASTER

BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN ORDER TO COVER HIS ASSIGNMENTS MORE QUICKLY AND TO SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL, JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, SECRETLY RELIES UPON HIS SKILL AS A MAGICIAN AND BECOMES TOR THE MAGIC MASTER --- FROM THE BLACKNESS OF A SHADOWY STREET A GUN ROARS OUT - JUDGE DECKER FALLS TO THE SIDEWALK!!



LATER - IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



THIS IS THE THIRD MURDER IN TWO DAYS - A LAWYER, A JURIST, AND A JUDGE! THERE MUST BE SOME CONNECTION!



I'M GOING TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS, AS TOR I CAN USE MY MAGICAL ABILITY!



IN A FEW MINUTES JIM HAS PUT ON HIS MOUSTACHE AND CLOAK THAT DENOTES HIM AS A MAGICIAN!



THE HEAVY NEWS CAMERA BECOMES A SMALL MINIATURE!



AS HE NEARS THE SCENE OF THE CRIME HE NOTICES AN ODD CHARACTER CARRYING A CANE.



I'LL SOON FIND OUT - I MA WON A HTOM!



A WEIRD SHAPE OUTLINES TOR'S APPEARANCE AS HE CHANGES HIMSELF...



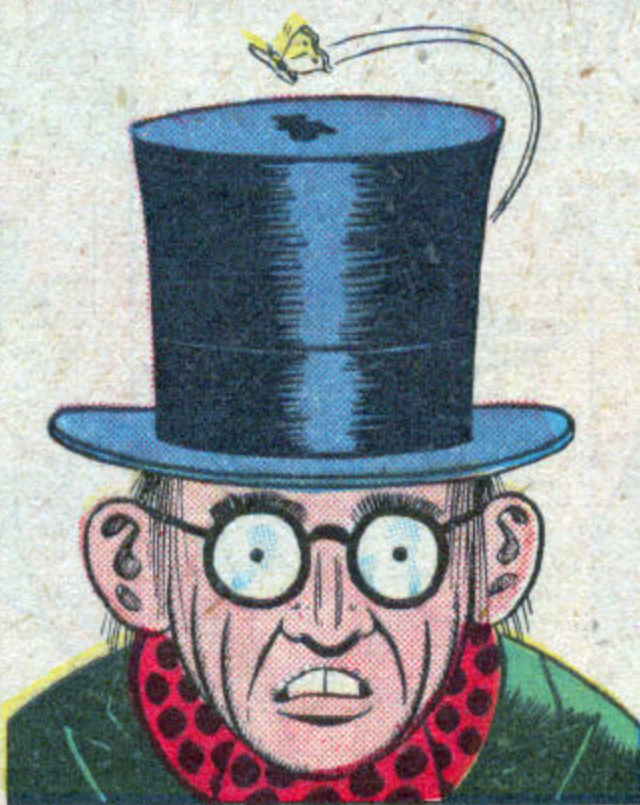
INTO A MOTH!



HE FLUTTERS ABOUT THE MAN'S HIGH HAT...

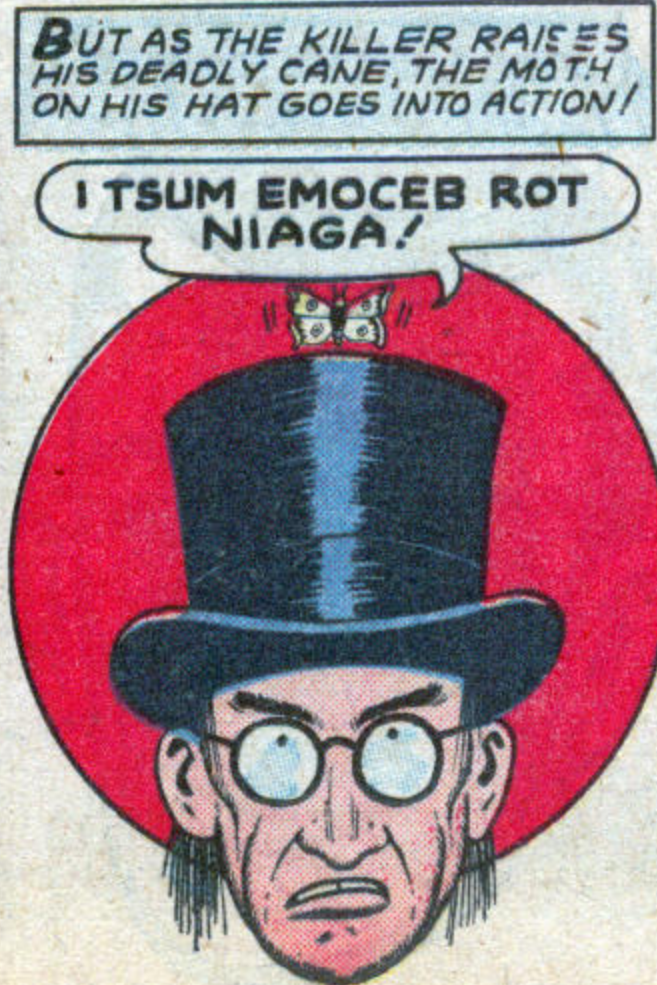
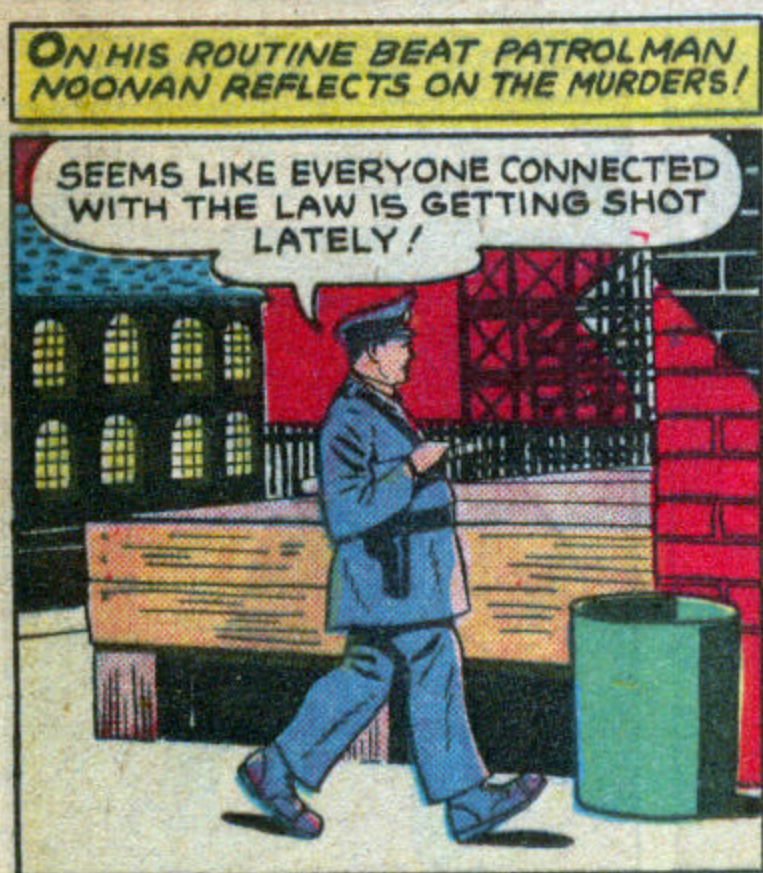
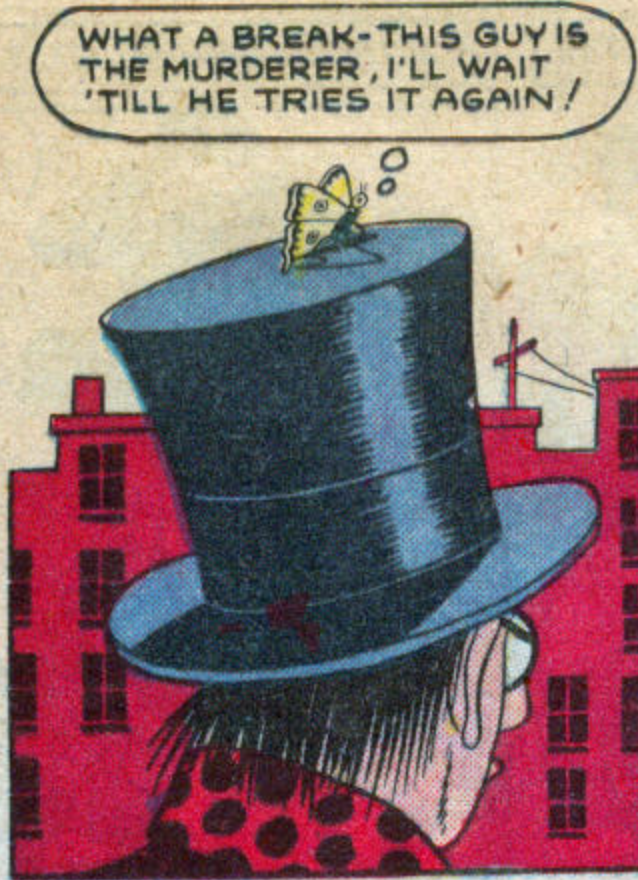


AND LANDS ON ITS FLAT TOP!

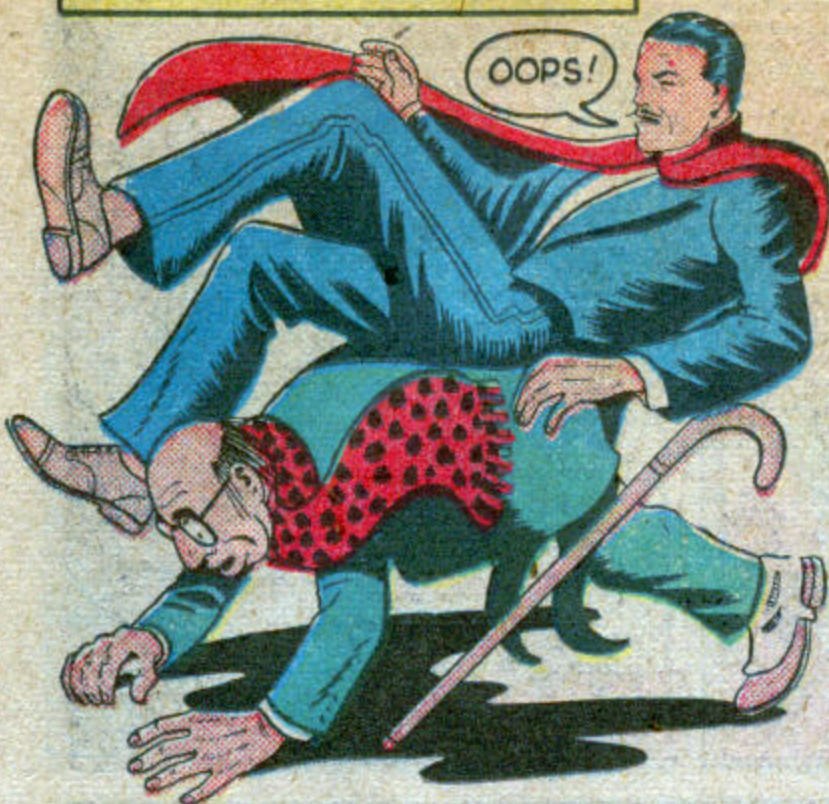


THE STRANGER EXAMINES HIS CANE!





UNDER THE MAGICIAN'S WEIGHT THE MURDERER FALLS DOWN...



AND BOTH SPRAWL ON THE SIDEWALK!



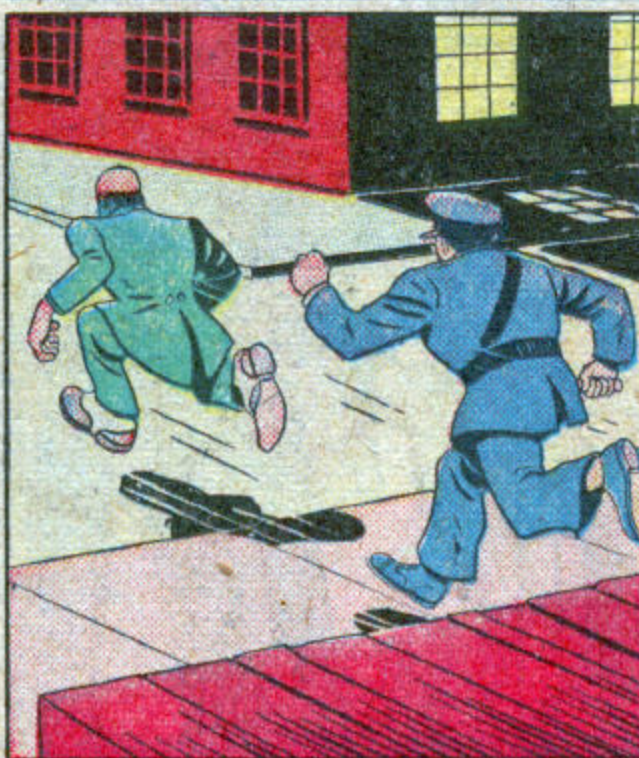
PHEW! I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME FROM, TOR, BUT YOU SURE SAVED MY LIFE!!



QUICK, OFFICER— HE'S RUNNING— AWAY!



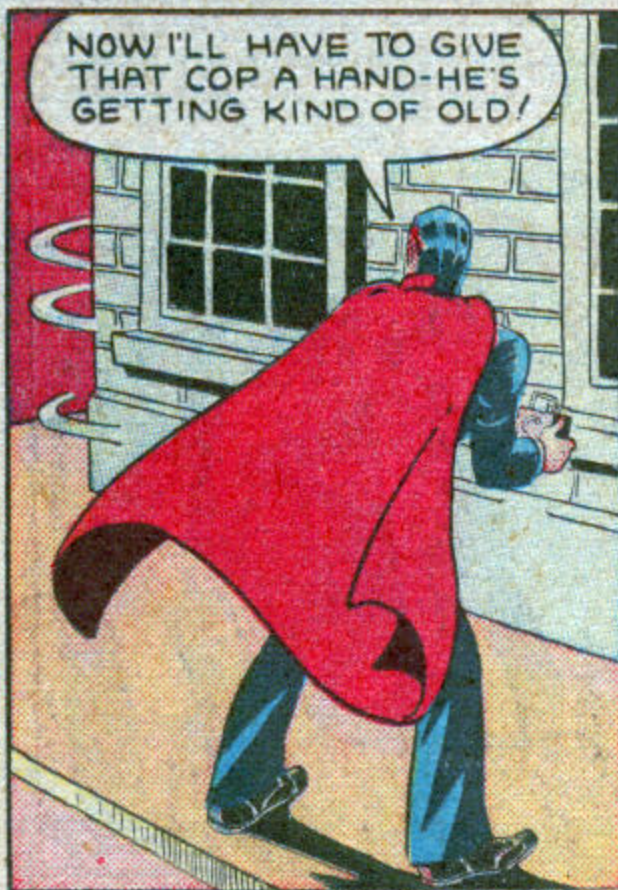
AS THE POLICEMAN CHASES HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSIN...



TOR SNAPS A PHOTOGRAPH!



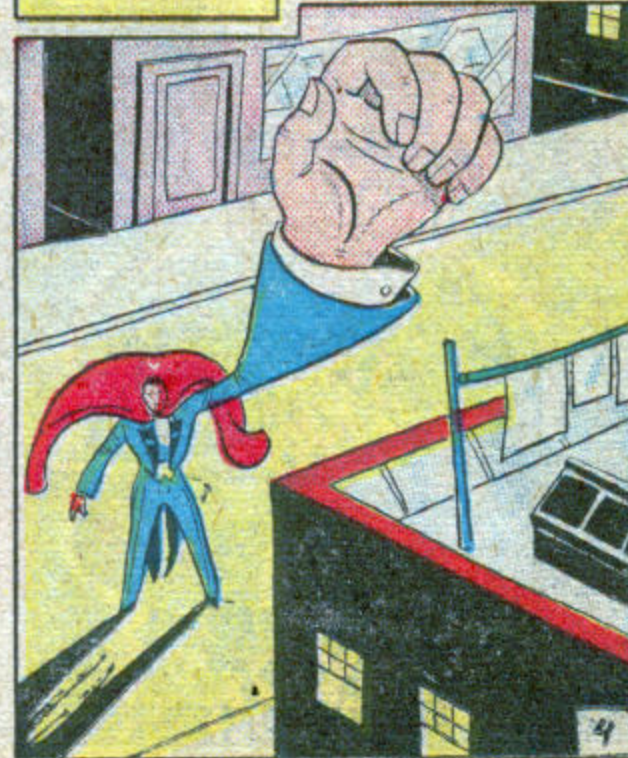
NOW I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THAT COP A HAND— HE'S GETTING KIND OF OLD!



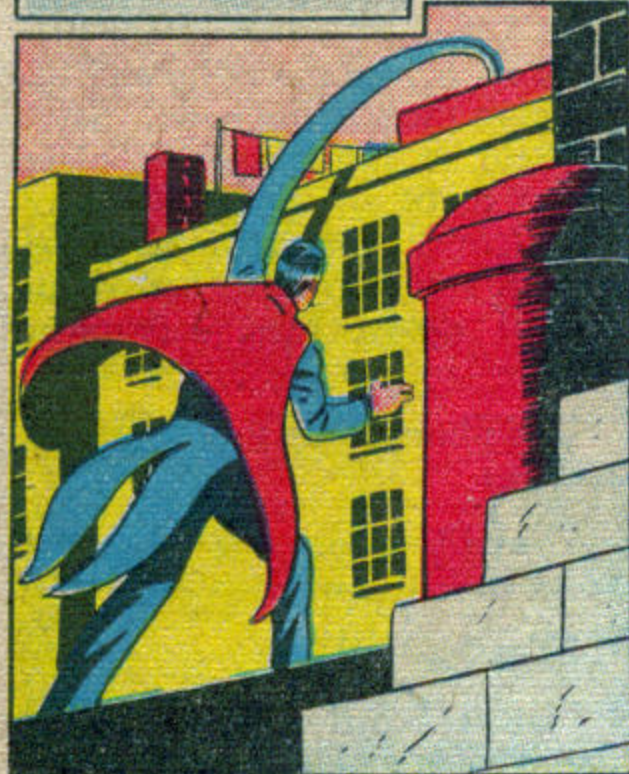
MRA EMOCEB REGNOL DNA REGNOL!



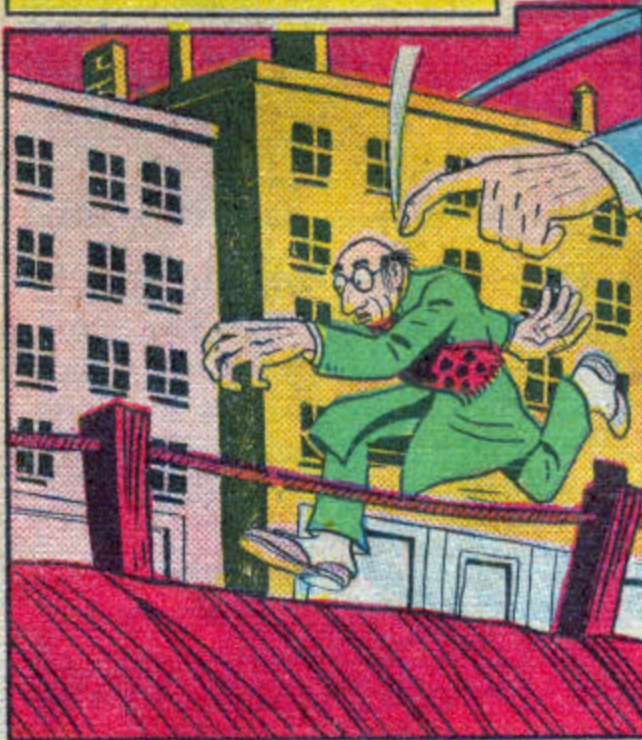
AS HE SPEAKS THE MAGICIAN'S ARM GROWS LONGER AND LONGER!



IT EXTENDS UP AND OVER THE BUILDINGS...



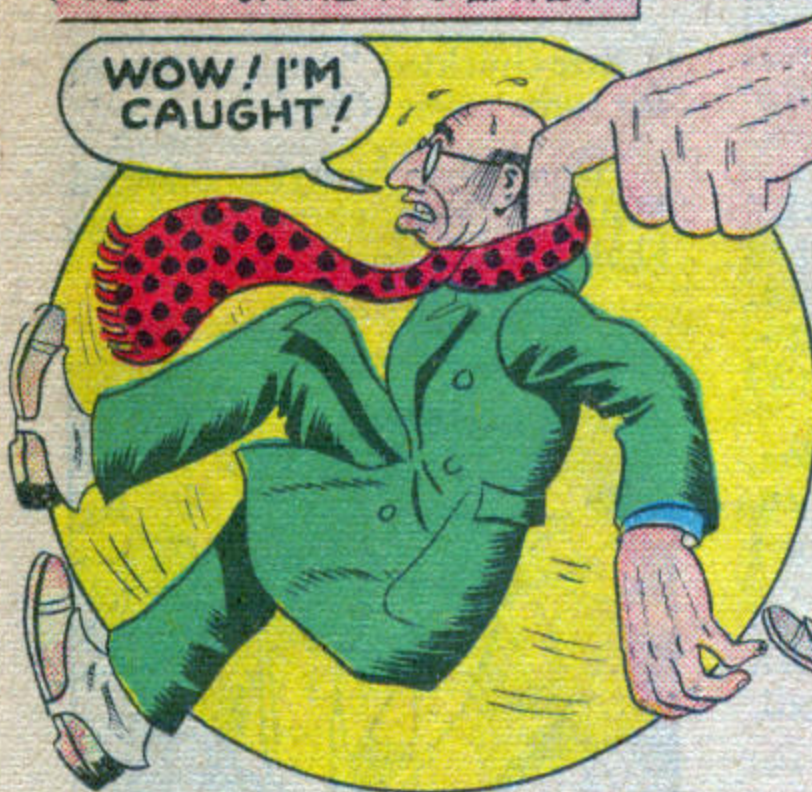
AND REACHES DOWN ON THE DESERTED STREET INTO WHICH THE MURDERER RUNS.



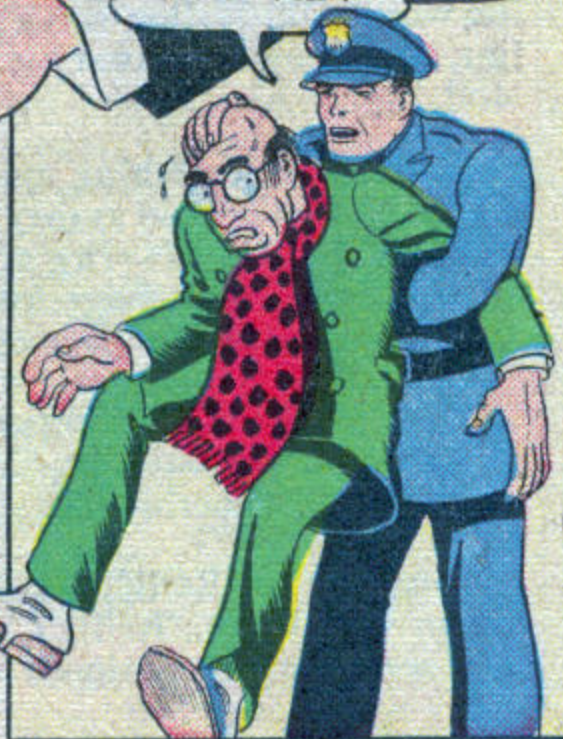
FOR A GUY (PUFF) THAT NEEDS A CANE YOU'RE PRETTY FAST (PUFF) — GEE! LOOK AT THAT HAND!



BUT THE FLEEING KILLER DOESN'T SEE IT UNTIL TOO LATE!



YOU SAID IT — YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM TOR AND ME!

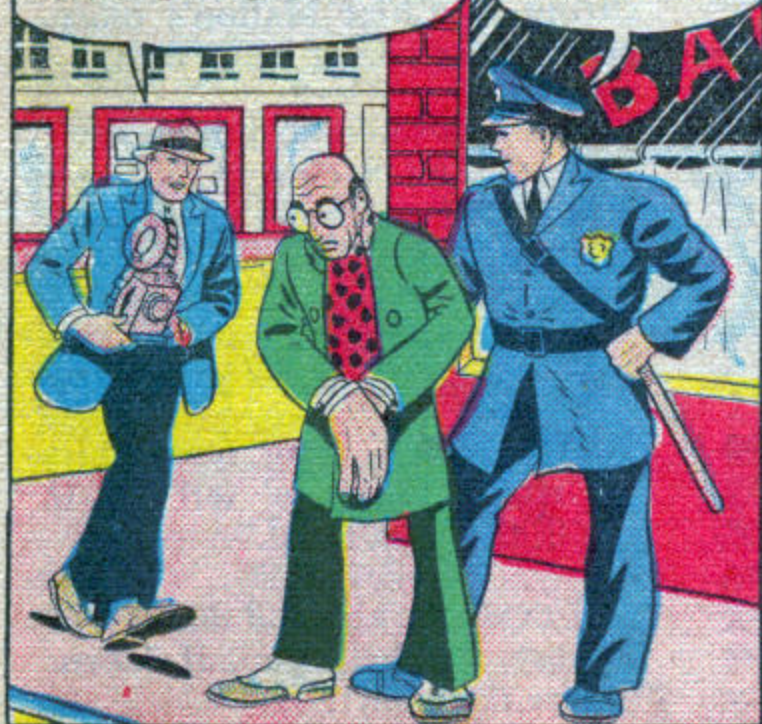


IMMEDIATELY TOR BECOMES JIM SLADE AGAIN!



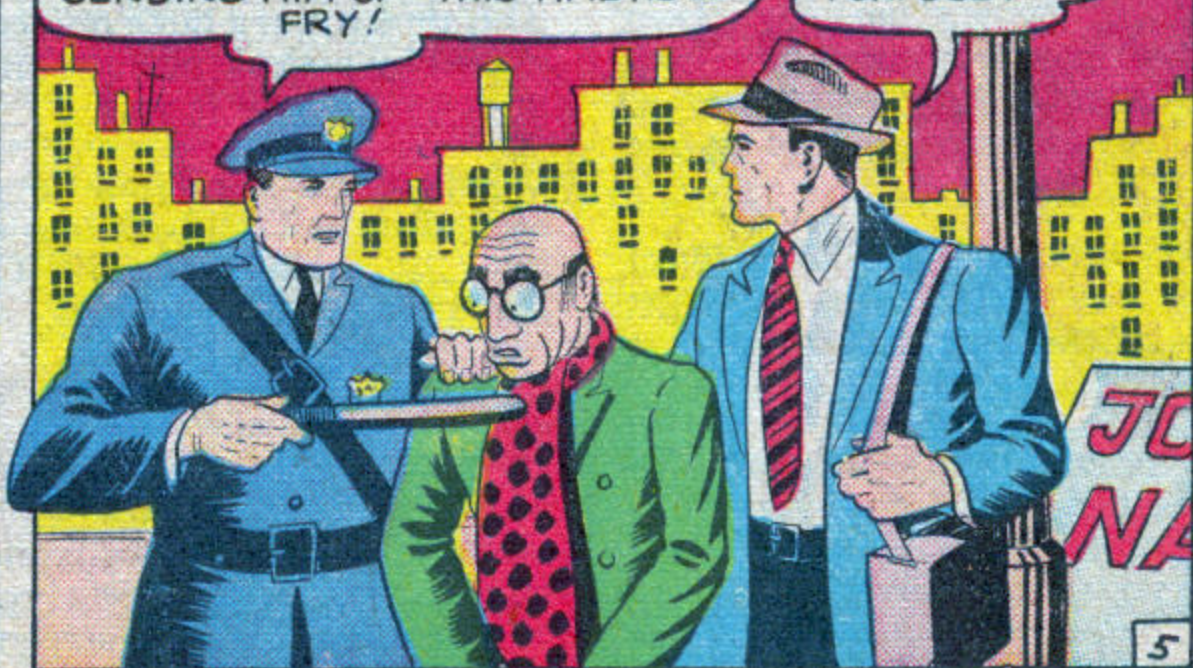
HOWDY, OFFICER — I GOT SOME PICTURES OF YOU CHASING THAT GUY! WHAT'S THE STORY?

SLADE! YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE SPOT!



WELL — I ARRESTED THIS GUY FOR MURDER MANY YEARS AGO. HE GOT FREE ON PAROLE AND NOW HE'S OUT FOR REVENGE TRYING TO KILL EVERYONE CONNECTED WITH SENDING HIM UP! THIS TIME HE'LL FRY!

HE DID A LOT OF DAMAGE, BUT TOR STOPPED HIM FROM FULFILLING HIS ENTIRE EVIL PURPOSE!



Follow Tor, Magic Master, in each issue of CRACK COMICS.

The FLAME SYNDICATE



Fire—the despoiler! It had laid waste nine big stores and a dozen or more valuable dwellings in the last month. Lakehurst had become an arson's mecca, or so it seemed.

At the moment, at the corner of 12th and Barry streets, a great conflagration was ravaging Holt's Department Store. If that went up in flames, Lakehurst would have to seek elsewhere for the produce of similar stores. Holt's was the last one left standing. And now it was vanishing in smoke.

Chief of Police Mallon was beside himself. He was tearing his hair and threatening every cop on the force with sudden annihilation.

"Find 'em! Look around an' find 'em! Get those blankety arson artists, you nitwits!" he yelled. "So you call yourselves cops. Hah!" He fell back in his swivel chair and groaned, mopping his red, florid face.

"So they've been burning up the whole town in the last month—an' what have you lame-brains done about it? Nothin'!"

Sergt. McClellan lifted a hand that wasn't quite steady. "But Chief," he got out, "We been doin' our level best. We been doin' ever'thing — ever'thing! They just seem to give us the slip!"

"Bah!" Chief Mallon mopped his face again. "Bah—well, get goin'. Get outa my sight, at least!"

So Sergt. McClellan, very disgruntled and downcast, took a squad of two dozen or so officers, to assist the half hundred already on duty at Holt's store. There was

the curious crowds to hold back. There were the injured to attend. There was the possibility that this time they would find a clue as to who was firing these buildings—always valuable ones.

Thus far the police and detective squad had turned up exactly nothing. The newspapers of Lakehurst were panning the police force for its "inefficiency." This was bad. Next month there was an election coming up. There *might* be a new chief! That would be worse. Old Mallon was a great guy, only now he was at his wits' end.

"Gotta do something quick," Sergt. McClellan said as they sped toward Holt's blazing store. "Gotta run them firebugs down—or we're back on the pavement!"

"Yeah," replied his companion, none too enthusiastically. "Yeah, we gotta do something."

"Step on it Reilly," ordered Sergt. McClellan. Reilly's siren was screaming an ominous wail. They were doing fifty.

The entire city's fire department had been called out to Holt's store. Then, in the midst of this titanic battle to save the big store, another alarm came in. This time it was a huge residence owned by a cloak manufacturer, on the far side of town.

"My gord!" gasped Sergt. McClellan, and fell back into the arms of some firemen. "This here's the end!"

Half of the department was ordered to the new fire, leaving an inadequate force to battle the flames fast consuming Holt's store. Firemen were collapsing now, fatigued by their long hours of strenuous toil. An emergency

alarm had been sent into Cranston, thirty miles distant.

In Lakehurst's best hotel, Eric Vale sat before the radio and listened to the stirring news. "Say," he said to himself, "this place seems to be the original source of all fires! I've been here two nights, and they have had about a half dozen fires. I wonder what—"

The phone rang. Eric lifted the receiver.

"Vale?" came the troubled voice over the wire.

"Yes."

"Great Scott! I just learned that you are in town. Come on over an' see me. This is Chief of Police Mallon . . . yeah. That's it, Vale."

Eric chuckled. "Am I suspected for some crime, Chief?"

"Don't be funny!" snapped Mallon. "You gotta help me. Shall I send a squad car?"

"Never mind. I'll take a cab."



Fifteen minutes later Eric was sitting in Chief Mallon's office, hearing the tale of many fires.

"It's an arson mob, but we can't seem to find a clue as to their identity. Frankly, I'm baffled, Eric—an' scared!"

"Election?" Eric's tone was kidding.

"Naw—well, why not? Quit the ribbin', son, an' tell me if you'll give us a hand."

"I never let a friend down, did I? Sure, I'll help you, if I can. Where do I start?"

Chief Mallon snorted. "If I knew where to start I wouldn't be askin' for help, you young whelp! You're supposed to be a smart guy. Well . . ."

"Oke!" Eric got up. "I'll give your little fires a look-see, Chief . . . 'Night!"

Eric lost no time. He visited the scene of Holt's store, now a smoldering ruins. He made inquiries of the firemen and police. They could tell him nothing—only that the fires always did a thorough job.

The big residence on the outskirts of town was Eric's next step. It was half consumed by the time he arrived. There would be no saving any portion of it . . . Eric drove back to his hotel. He'd have to conduct his next move in the morning.

At eight o'clock the next morning Eric was on the job, going through the still-smoking ruins of Holt's store. There might be a clue here as to what the firebugs were using to make their fires so impossible to extinguish.

After two hours of arduous toil, Eric concluded that whatever it was it certainly defied analysis. Two more hours spent at the big residence, now a heap of ashes, gave the same answer: nothing.

"Wait a minute," Eric said to himself. "The way to solve something is to find the reason, then the cause—"

Was somebody starting these fires for hate? Was it some insane person? People don't go around just setting fire to things for nothing. Unless they are insane. And this didn't look like the work of a nitwit. Sometimes politicians did strange things in order to turn public opinion against their opponents. But certainly not this desperate course!

The city of Lakehurst had posted \$10,000 reward for the capture of the arsonists. Several wealthy private parties had doubled it. It would be worth any-



body's while to run the guilty persons to earth.

Eric was digging in the ashes of a former fire when the radio in the squad car which had been assigned him blatted out a startling report. In essence it was to the effect that soon after Cranston's fire department had left for Lakehurst the previous night, a big fire had broken out in the town's largest garage. It had quickly consumed the building and about twenty cars. On top of that, said the report, Lakehurst had not asked for Cranston's fire department. Then who had?

The firebugs, of course! Things had got too hot in Lakehurst, so they had used a clever artifice to begin operations, unmolested, in Cranston.

The Cranston garage had been heavily insured. That gave Eric an idea. He got on the telephone. Yes, all of the buildings thus far burned had been heavily insured. There it was! The owners were in on this dirty deal—they were in neck-deep, in a plot to collect insurance!

Eric hurried to see Clayton Holt, owner of the big department store. Holt was a smooth talking chap.

"Why, that's absurd!" he said, when Eric stated the reason for

his visit. "I'm a respectable business man; been in this town for fifteen years."

"May I see your insurance policy?" Eric asked. "I mean the one you carried on the store?"

Holt grinned. "My good fellow," he said, "all my valuable papers are in the bank vault. I assure you it hasn't been opened in several weeks."

That seemed to end that. But Eric Vale wasn't stopped—yet. He called on other owners of burned buildings. And at last a woman, recent owner of a large millinery business, showed him her insurance policy. Eric examined it under a glass, then sifted some fine white powder over it. Blowing this off, he photographed the whole.

"Thank you," he said, handing back the paper to the astonished woman.

In the police laboratory he developed the film and came up with several fingerprints. He wire-photoed the prints to Washington.

In two days the answer came back: One of the prints was that of "Lefty" del Riccio, head of a big syndicate of crooks. Del Riccio was rounded up a few days later in New York and, under pressure, confessed to the fires. He implicated a dozen others in his mob, and gave the names of many owners of burned buildings. They had collected over ten million dollars in insurance, del Riccio taking half for his cut.

"Well, that ends the firebugs' little game!" Eric said as he shook hands with Chief Mallon. "Remember, Chief," he kidded, "when election time comes up, I'll be here voting for you!"

**READ THE WHITE LEOPARD
ANOTHER ERIC VALE ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS**

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Garrett and Russell E. Ross



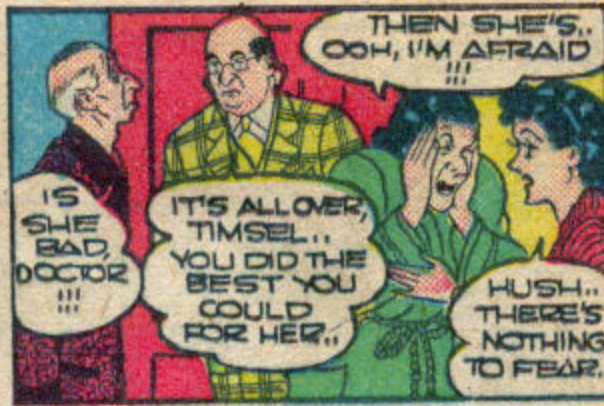
JANE ARDEN

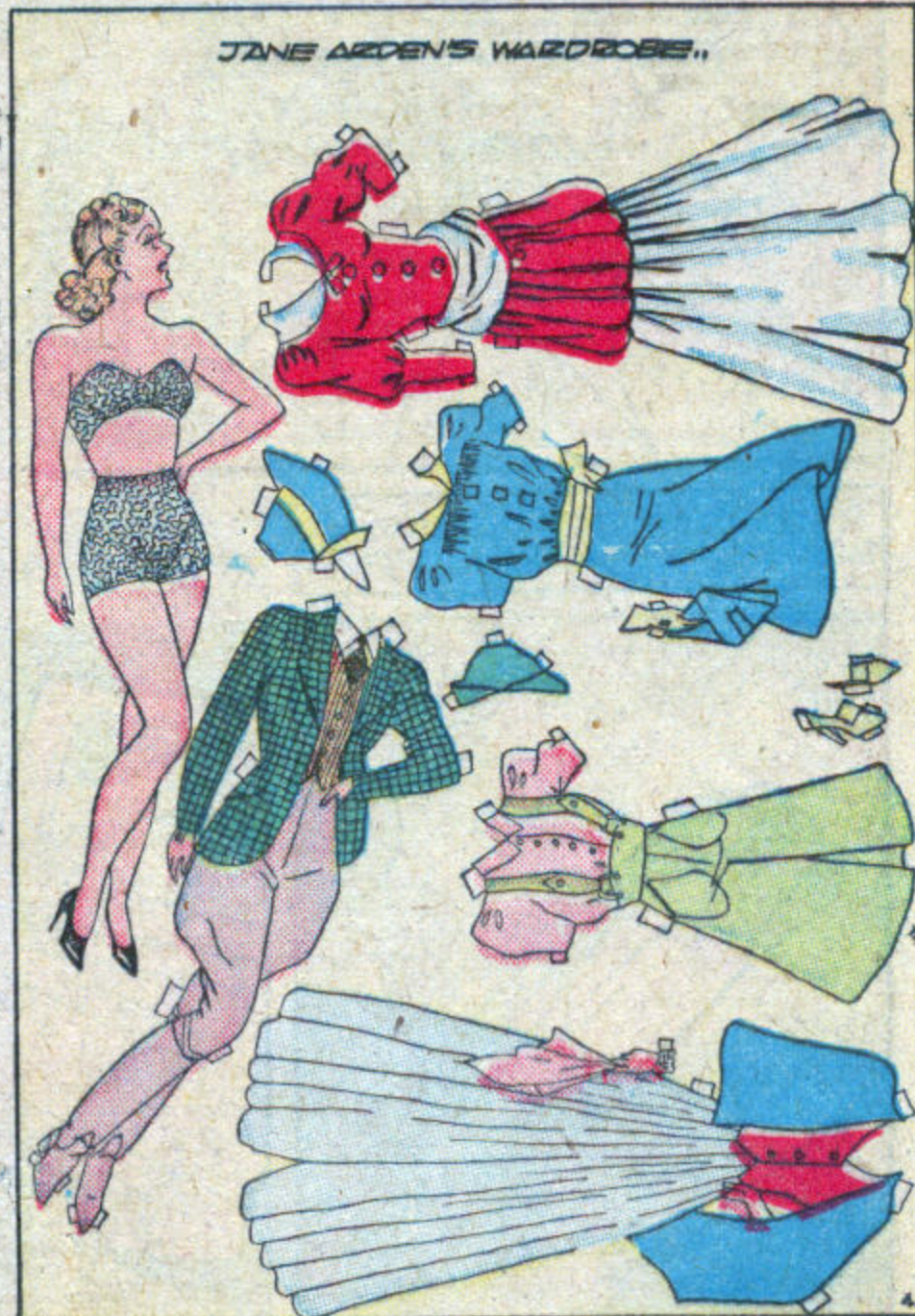
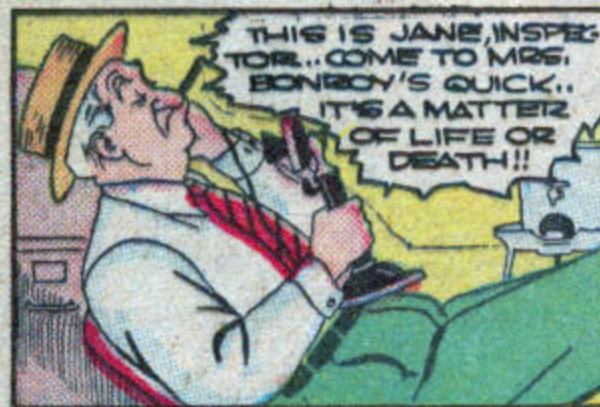
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JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE







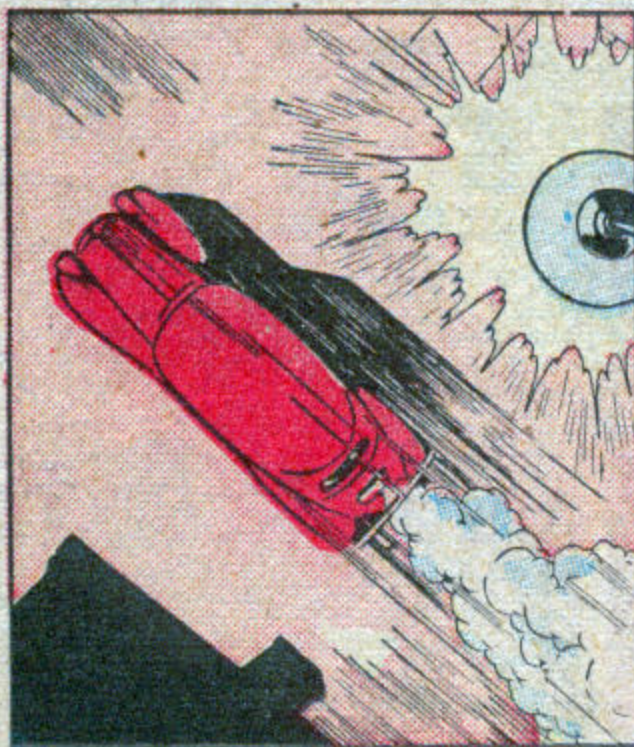
THE CLOCK

HIS IDENTITY
KNOWN ONLY TO HIS
YOUNG AIDE, BUTCH, AN
ORPHAN GIRL - BRIAN
O'BRIEN PLAYS THE
DUAL ROLE OF THE
CLOCK - FEARED BY
THE UNDERWORLD--
RESPECTED BY THE
POLICE - HE WAGES
AN UNENDING
WAR AGAINST
CRIME----



GEORGE
E.
BRENNER.

A CAR SPEEDS MADLY
THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS.

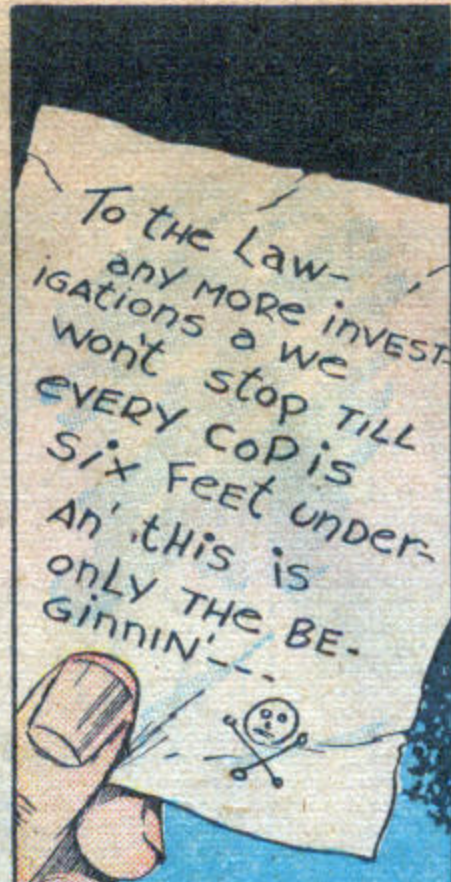


SUDDENLY THE DOOR SWINGS
OPEN AND A BODY IS THROWN
OUT-----



THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE
FIENDISH DEED IS BRIAN
O'BRIEN, ALIAS **THE CLOCK!!**





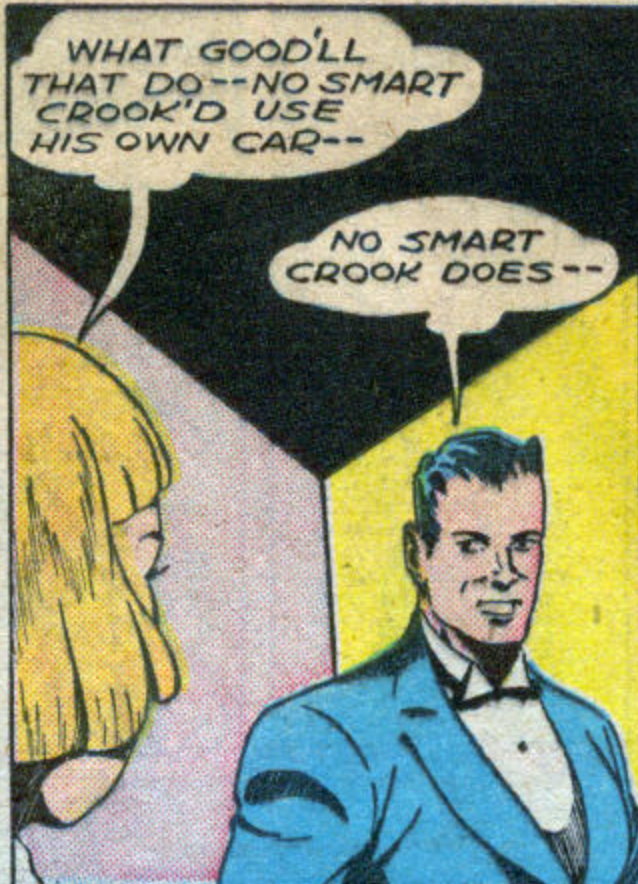
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN CAPTAIN KANE'S OFFICE---





HOT DOG--
GMME TH'
LOW-
DOWN--

THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY WAS
TAKEN FOR A
RIDE--BUT I GOT
THE LICENSE
NUMBER--



WHAT GOOD'LL
THAT DO--NO SMART
CROOK'D USE
HIS OWN CAR--

NO SMART
CROOK DOES--



BUT IN THIS CASE, THE
LEADER HIRED A COUPLE
OF LUGS WHO AREN'T SO
SMART-- THEY USED
THEIR OWN CAR!!



THEN YOU
KNOW WHO
THEY ARE??

"YES, GONG GONG
KLANES AND HIS
PAL, "RUNT"
MULLAY--



THEN WHAT'RE WE
WAITIN' FOR---
LET'S FIND EM
AN' MANGLE
'EM--

HMM-
SWEET
CHILD--

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
OUTSIDE KLANES' DOOR.....



REMEMBER, **STAY OUT
HERE**--THESE MUGS ARE
ONLY THE SMALL FRY--
AND-ER- I WANT
TO SAVE YOU FOR
THE LEADER--

HORSESHOES-
GO ON IN-- IF
YA NEED ME,
JUST YELL--



DON'T MOVE,
MUGS !!

TH'CLOCK-
GANG UP
ON HIM--



BUT GONG GONG, WE
AIN'T GOT NO GANG--
AN' DAT'D BE
BLOODSHED---
USIN' OUR OWN
B-B-BLOOD !

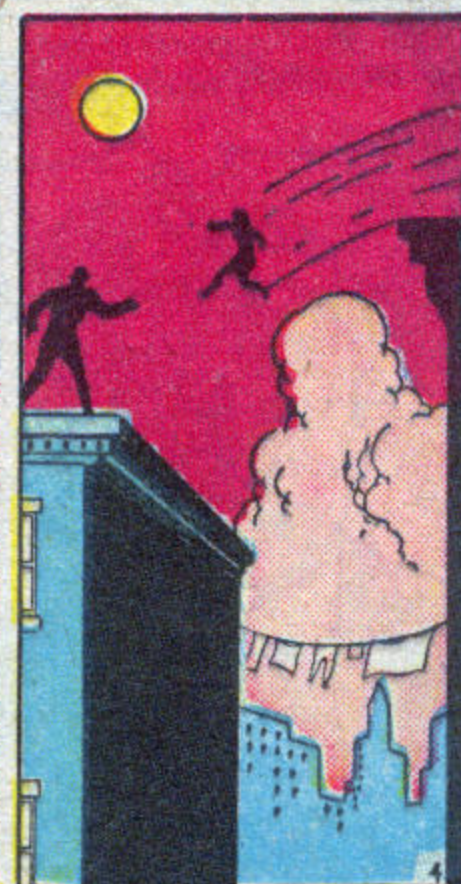
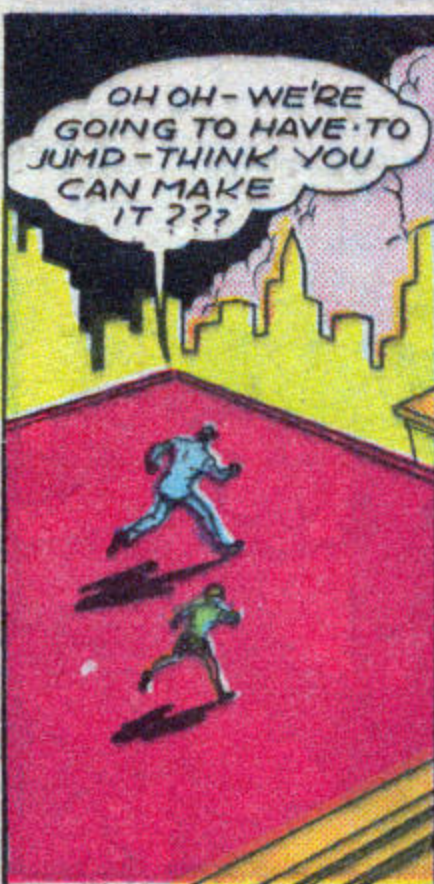


THAT'S BEING
SMART, RUNT-
NOW START
TALKING !!



WHO ORDERED
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY TAKEN
FOR A RIDE??

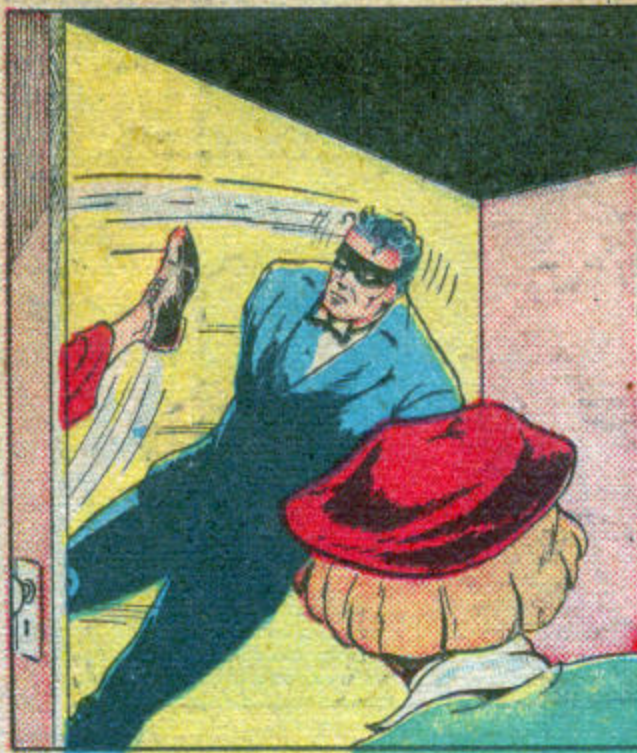
SILENCE







SECONDS LATER, THE CLOCK
IS THRUST INTO THE ROOM
WITH BUTCH---



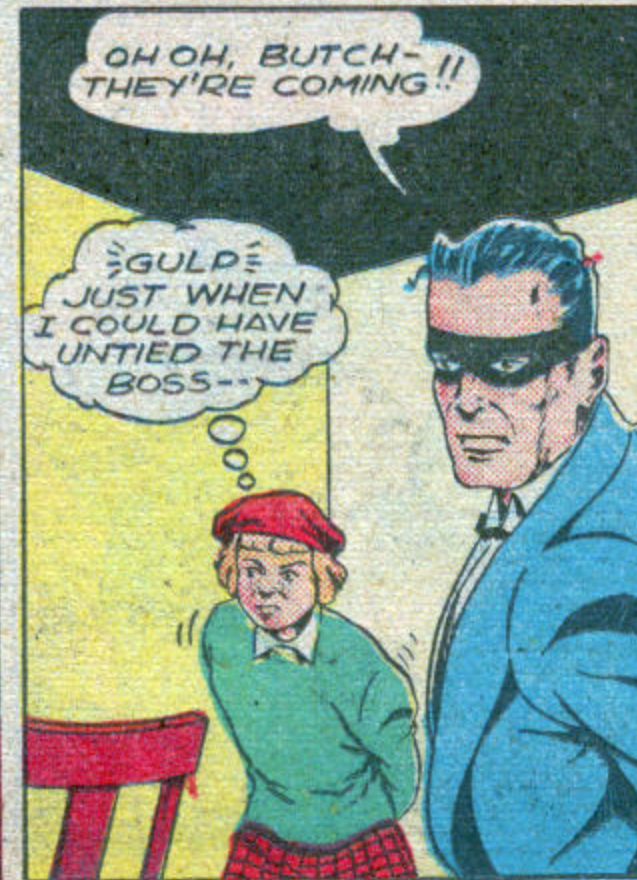
WALKING AROUND THE
ROOM, BUTCH'S ATTEN-
TION IS DRAWN TO THE
FLOOR ---



QUIETLY SHE SLIPS
IT INTO THE POCKET
OF THE CLOCK'S COAT -



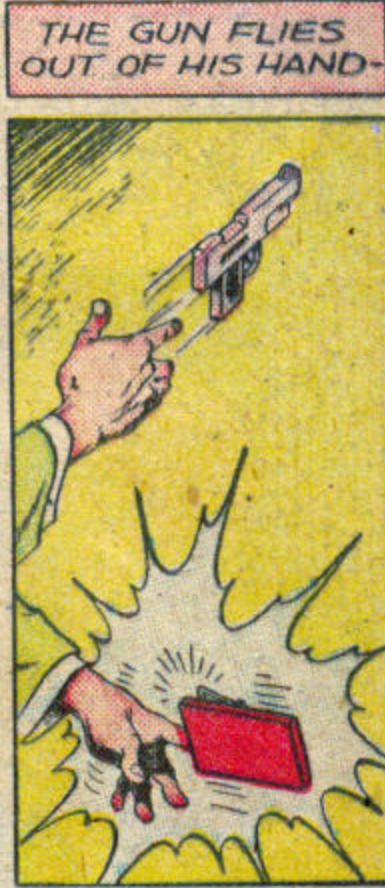
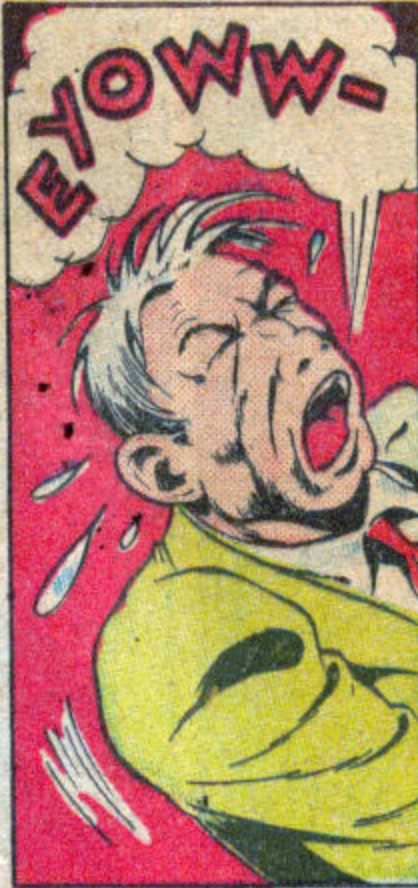
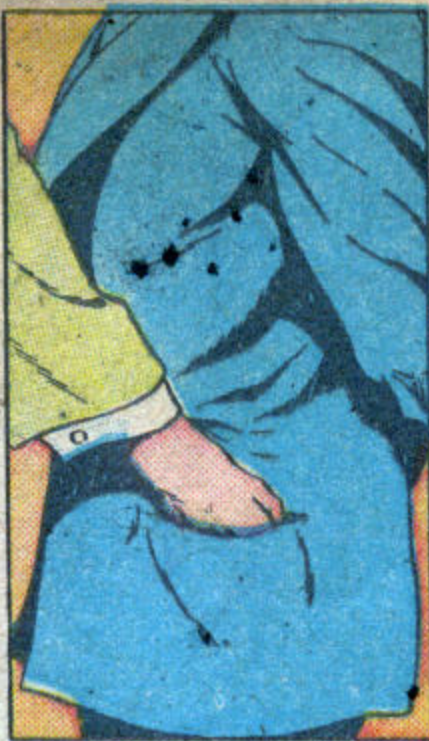
AND THEN TRIES TO WORK
HER HANDS FREE OF THE
ROPES ---





BEFORE I CARVE
'EM UP, SLUG-
SOICH 'EM!

THE CROOK SLIPS
HIS HAND INTO THE
CLOCK'S POCKET.



THE GUN FLIES
OUT OF HIS HAND-



GOT IT! -
BET THAT'S TH' FIRST
TIME THAT TRAD
CAUGHT THAT KIND
OF A RAT-- ULP! -
THIS ROD -

H-HITS-
L-L-LOADED!



O-K-K-KAY, Y-YOU
M-MUGS- M-MY T-TRIGGER
FINGER'S SH-SHAKY--
S-SO D-DO AS I
S-SAY-- UNTIE
TH' C-C-CLOCK-
Q-Q-Q-FAST-



G-GO T-TO WORK ON
'EM, B-B-OSS-B-BEFORE
I' SH-SHAKE T-TO
P-P-PIECES--

YOU
BET!



OH HUM - THAT'S
THE LAST!



NOW, BUTCH-THERE'S A
FEW THINGS I WANT TO
KNOW- THE FIRST IS--
HOW'D THAT TRAD ??
GET IN MY POCKET

N-NOT NOW-
B-B-OSS-PLEASE,
I-I'M SUFFER-
ING F-FROM
N-NERVOUS
NERVES--
A-A LOADED
G-GAT...
GULP

Another gripping episode of The Clock in next month's CRACK COMICS.

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FOR BETTER
SHOOTING

RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION

... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL
... LEFT
ELBOW
ON LEFT
KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION...
BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET.
SPINE IS
STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER
BODY — CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES
OUT, LITTLE
BEAVER! IT WILL
STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN
SHOOTUM TARGET
YOU BETCHUM!

AND I WISH EVERY BOY
IN THE WORLD COULD
TRY SHOOTIN' MY
CARBINE!



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WITH
16
INCH
LEATHER
SADDLE
THONG

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Credits:

Cover: A: Gill Fox

Black Condor: W: Otto Binder or Toni Blum (?); A: Charles Sultan (?) [as Lou Fine]

Spitfire: W: (?); A: Al McWilliams

Don "Q": W: Vern Henkel; A: Vern Henkel

Slap Happy Pappy: W: Jack Cole (?); A: Jack Cole

Pen Miller: W: Toni Blum (?); A: Klaus Nordling

Ned Brant: W: Bob Zuppke; A: B. W. Depew

Molly the Model: W: John Devlin (?); A: John Devlin

Rube Goldberg's Side Show: W: Rube Goldberg; A: Rube Goldberg

Hack O'Hara: W: Robert Turner(?); A: Bob Fujitani

Alias the Spider: W: (?); A: Paul Gustavson

Snappy: W: Arthur Beeman (?); A: Arthur Beeman

Tor: W: (?); A: Fred Guardineer

Text: W: Larry Spain; A: Gill Fox

Jane Arden: W: Monte Barrett; A: Russell E. Ross

The Clock: W: George E. Brenner; A: George E. Brenner